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PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

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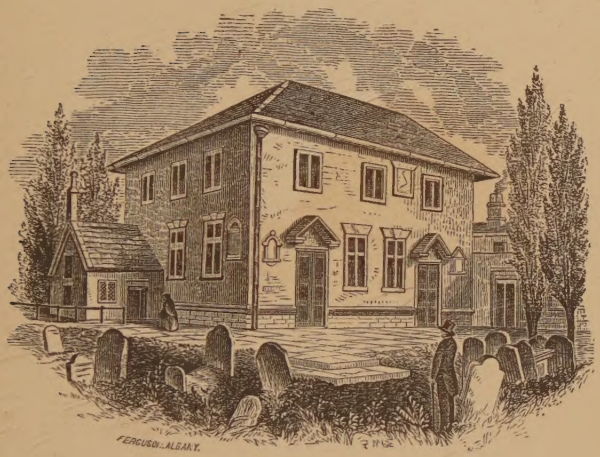
LIFE

OF

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

WITH

NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS COTEMPORARIES,
AND SPECIMENS OF HIS STYLE.



[Dr. Doddridge's Church, at Northampton.]

By D. A. HARSHA, M. A.

AUTHOR OF 'THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM; A GUIDE TO THE SAVIOUR;'
'LIVES OF EMINENT ORATORS AND STATESMEN,' ETC.

'I DESIRE TO LIVE ONLY FOR GOD'S GLORY.'—*Doddridge.*

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PREFACE

To persons of refined minds, and of sincere and ardent piety, it must afford great pleasure and profit to study carefully the life, character and writings of PHILIP DODDRIDGE, a name 'on which all who have sympathy with the generous, the benevolent and the devout will ever delight to linger.' The object of the present volume is to sketch the personal history and character of this excellent divine; to give some account of his times and of some of his distinguished cotemporaries; and to present a few choice specimens of his style.

The author has aimed to give a clear, succinct and comprehensive account of the principal events in the active and valuable life of Dr. Doddridge, in chronological order, with special reference to the interesting, touching and melancholy scenes of his last days, till the happy hour when, 'without one cloud of gloom,' his spirit winged its way to God. The dates and leading circumstances connected with his most important publications are also given, with brief criticisms on their peculiar merits.

Some of the gems of Doddridge's epistolary correspondence, throwing light on a variety of interesting matters, are interwoven with the biographical narrative. It is worthy of remark, that some of his earlier letters, written in the midst of rural delights, in his free and fresh communion with nature, display more of the beauties of imagination and of style than his later writings, reminding one, frequently, of the easy, graceful and vigorous letters of Pope, Gray, and some other distinguished writers of the classic age of Queen Anne and George I. The remark which Mr. Morell has made respecting Doddridge is, we think, very true, that 'none who have read his earlier correspondence can doubt, that if he had chosen to direct the

bent of his genius to works of imagination and taste he could have rivalled some of the most sprightly wits of that polished age.' Doddridge carried on an extensive correspondence with many eminent theologians and literary men, such as Samuel Clarke, David Jennings, Isaac Watts, John Barker, Hugh Farmer, Bishop Warburton, Daniel Neal, Benjamin Fawcett, Dr. Stonehouse, Robert Blair, William Secker, Nathaniel Lardner, Gilbert West, and Samuel Davies. As an instance of his large correspondence we quote his own words on one occasion; 'I marshalled my unanswered letters, and found them one hundred and six, near one-quarter of which reached me since Friday noon (and it was then Monday evening), and all this though I have written between fifty and sixty letters the last fourteen days, with my own hand, having no secretary.'

As it is interesting to trace the progress of intellectual discipline in superior minds, the author has been careful to mention some of the principal books which Doddridge studied, especially during his student-life, and which aided in the development of his mental powers, and in forming his taste. Doddridge, as it will be seen, was a great reader; but he did not peruse a book superficially; he carefully reflected on what he read and endeavored at the same time to make the stores of knowledge thus accumulated subservient to some valuable practical purpose—to the improvement of his understanding and heart. In the early days of his ministry, during his studious pursuits in a rural retreat, he writes to his brother-in-law: 'I find it most useful to join *reading* and *reflection*, and would not entirely depend either upon myself or others.' When such a course is pursued with regard to reading we can readily say with old Bishop Hall: 'No law binds us to read all; but the more we can take in and *digest*, the greater will be our improvement.' The criticisms of Doddridge on some of the books he read, during his student-life, frequently show a fine literary taste and a just appreciation of the beauties of celebrated authors.

Several of the specimens in the last chapter of this volume are taken from Doddridge's *Sermons* in four volumes octavo, published in London, in 1826, now a scarce work. It is believed that these selections, both in prose and in poetry, are among the choicest that can be made from his practical and devotional compositions. Of the sermons of Doddridge, in general, Mr. Morell has well remarked that they 'furnish delightful specimens of genuine pulpit eloquence;' that 'they breathe the very soul of tenderness, and pastoral fidelity;' and that 'they abound with earnest and pathetic appeals to the conscience.'

In the preparation of this volume the principal publications relating to Doddridge and his friends have been carefully consulted; while some information belonging to this subject has been gained in conversation with several of his descendants. The author would especially acknowledge his obligations to the biographical memoirs of Doddridge by Orton, Kippis and Stoughton; and to *The Correspondence and Diary of Doddridge*, in five octavo volumes, edited by his great grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys. Mr. Humphreys has been rather severely criticised in Stoughton's *Memorial*, in the *Boston Christian Examiner*, and in other publications, for laying before the public, in these volumes, some of Doddridge's youthful letters of a trifling character, and some written in a very affectionate style, and addressed to certain young ladies of his acquaintance under romantic names. Admitting that the volumes of Mr. Humphreys are, in some respects, injudiciously edited, we, nevertheless, regard them, on the whole, as very interesting and valuable.

While alluding to this foible of Doddridge's youth it may be proper to remark that other faults have been laid to his charge, such as 'his habits of speaking somewhat ostentatiously of his own employments, and particularly that accommodation of religious phraseology to the opinions or associations of others.' As Dr. Kippis has remarked, 'It is not the lot of the purest

virtue to pass through the world without reproach.' And Doddridge, with all his moral excellence, and in the midst of the applause he received from the great and the good in his day, also endured reproach from the tongues of the envious and the malicious. Orton in his *Memoirs*, has devoted a whole section to his behaviour under injuries. Doddridge himself thus gives us his own sentiment on this point: 'I settle it as an established point with me, that the more diligently and faithfully I serve Christ, the greater reproach, and the more injury I must expect.' With reference to some calumnies that his enemies aimed at him, his faithful friend the Rev. John Barker very pointedly writes to him; 'As for the unmanly flirts, and ungenerous reflections of those who are not worthy to carry your books after you, it puts me in mind of a dog barking at the moon, which after all his impotency shines, and is still very far out of his reach.' With all Doddridge's trivial faults we verily believe that few persons have ever exhibited in so favorable a light the various excellencies of the Christian character. In the annals of sacred biography few names have been so universally revered by the Christian world for amiableness, zeal, devotedness and piety. And to the most distant posterity will his name continue to shine in the firmament of the Christian church as a star of the purest and gentlest lustre.

May the divine blessing still attend the labors of this saintly divine, who *being dead yet speaketh* in his valuable writings in strains of exquisite simplicity, tenderness and pathos, to thousands in all Christian lands; and by means of his writings may multitudes still be enlightened and guided to the blessed Saviour, who is the way and the truth, and the life,—THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

'The joy of earth and heaven.'

D. A. H.

ARGYLE, N. Y., May 1st, 1864.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. Page.

His Times, ... 9

CHAPTER II.

His Student-Life, ... 22

CHAPTER III.

His Pastorate at Kibworth and Market Harborough, 52

CHAPTER IV.

His Pastorate at Northampton — Labors as Tutor and Author, ... 73

CHAPTER V.

His Last Days, ... 141

CHAPTER VI.

His Character, ... 174

CHAPTER VII.

Specimens of his Style in Prose and Verse, . . . 202

Doddridge was a burning and shining light which, in days of more than ordinary coldness, divine providence was pleased to enkindle, in order to impart both warmth and illumination to the professing christian world.—*Bishop Jebb.*

Doddridge's heart was made up of all the kindlier feelings of our nature, and was wholly devoted to the salvation of men's souls. Whatever he did, he appears to have done to the glory of God.—*Dr. Dibdin.*

Doddridge is now my prime favorite among divines.—*Robert Hall.*

His thoughts have a dew still on them, like flowers fresh gathered in the fields of holy meditation.—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton*

LIFE OF DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

HIS TIMES.

THE age in which Philip Doddridge lived was one of unusual brilliancy in the literary, scientific and military history of England. The period of his youthful years, comprising the reign of Queen Anne, has usually been styled the Augustan era of English literature. This polished age, however, properly comprehends the reigns of William III., Anne, and the first two Georges.

Before sketching the life of the learned and pious author of *The Family Expositor*, and *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, let us glance for a few moments at the literary, political, moral and religious features of his age, — an age so fruitful in illustrious men; so remarkable for the rapid and extensive diffusion of general literature; and so eventful in political and military affairs.

In poetry, several authors of great merit and distinction were at that time producing works for the admiration of their own and of coming ages, — poems, in which beauty of thought, loftiness of sentiment, richness of description, and exquisiteness of versification are happily united. Among the poets of that day, some of whose fine descriptions of the beauties of natural scenery — of elegant artificial life — of moral and religious feelings — still fall like softest music on the ear, were Pope, Prior, Gay, Parnell, Akenside, Addison, Blair, Watts, Thomson and Young.

In that classic age of English literature the names of Addison and Steele were preëminently distinguished as essayists. These chaste writers contributed, perhaps, more largely than any of their distinguished compeers, to guide the opinions and form the character of their generation. And to them the honor is due of having originated our periodical literature; — a branch of study, which in our own time, has been so carefully cultivated, and so admirably illustrated by the powerful minds and graphic pens of Macaulay, Jeffrey, Talfourd, and Carlyle.

In the department of political and fictitious literature, Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollet, and Daniel Defoe were busily engaged in planning and writing their numerous works. Defoe's

Robinson Crusoe, one of the most charming and popular of all romances, was published while Doddridge was quietly pursuing his academical studies at the village of Kibworth.

In the walks of science, this era was adorned by the brilliant genius of Edmund Halley, the celebrated astronomer, and of Sir Isaac Newton, 'a name illustrious and revered of nations,' by whose investigations and discoveries in the physical world a flood of light was poured on wide fields of philosophical inquiry previously shrouded in darkness.

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said: Let Newton be, and all was light.—*Pope.*

Some of the most eminent political personages of this age of excited party feeling among Whigs, Tories and Jacobites — the leading political parties of the day — were Lord Townsend, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Grenville, Bolingbroke, Lord Mansfield, and Chesterfield. In the foremost rank of these distinguished statesmen, stood the noble Chatham, whose matchless oratory, then in its earlier richness and splendor, was swaying with irresistible force the feelings of parliamentary assemblies, and commanding general applause. And among the group of renowned politicians in that classic age, we must

not omit the name of Edmund Burke, who, a little before the close of the period under consideration, was a young man about to enter on his brilliant parliamentary career, and to display the powers of the consummate orator, the wise statesman, and the accomplished debater.

If we turn to the military history of this era, we shall see the glory of the British nation, by the brilliant victories of the Duke of Marlborough, raised to a height greater than it had ever before reached. Among many others who acquired exalted reputation as military men in those times, was Col. Gardiner. This brave Scottish officer, who had served with distinction under Marlborough, after being in many a hard-fought engagement, was slain in the battle of Prestonpans, in 1745, in defence of the House of Hanover. Doddridge was his personal friend and correspondent, and in a work still quite popular, has narrated, in a pleasing and interesting manner, the story of the Colonel's eventful life, his remarkable conversion from an ungodly to a religious life, and his earnest devotion to the service of God, as well as to that of his country.*

The age of Doddridge was not so fruitful in

* 'He is so good as to favor me with much of his company, for I generally see him once, and often twice a day.'—*Doddridge*, in a letter, dated June 23, 1742.

the great names of theological literature. Where in the Christian ministry of that time, shall we look for theologians like those whose names adorn the history of the preceding period, Usher, Baxter, Owen, Goodwin, Bunyan, Bates, Manton, Flavel, Tillotson, Taylor, Hall, Barrow, and Leighton? These distinguished men of the seventeenth century, by whose genius, learning, zeal, and piety, so much good had been accomplished for the cause of Christianity, had now passed from the scene of their earthly labors to enter upon their everlasting rest, and to shine as stars in the heavenly firmament. John Howe, the last of the great divines of the seventeenth century, still lingered on the shores of time when Doddridge was born; but in three years afterwards the grave closed over his mortal remains. The immediate successors of those eminent theologians were, generally, far behind them in point of genius, intellect, reasoning powers, expression, holy fervor and ardent piety. Still, in the times of Doddridge there were some who acquired considerable celebrity in theological literature. Among the leading divines of that age were Matthew Henry, Burnet, Atterbury, Sherlock, Jortin, Secker, Watts, Evans, Bp. Wilson, Lardner, Orton, Whitefield, Wesley, Hervey, Romaine, and Benjamin Fawcett, the worthy

successor of Baxter at Kidderminster. Some of these became greatly distinguished in their day for their genius and classical scholarship; their attainments in theological science and belles-lettres; their advocacy of the Christian faith, and of evangelical doctrines; their illustrations of the Scriptures, and of practical piety; their diligence and zeal in the promotion of the divine glory; and the persuasiveness of their pulpit oratory.

The religious feature of the age of Doddridge, does not, on the whole, afford a very cheering theme for the contemplation of the pious mind. While it was an epoch memorable for its speculative tendencies in theology, the grand doctrines of practical Christianity were comparatively little regarded by the great majority of professing Christians of all denominations. There seems, in fact, to have been a general decay of religion. As an indication of its low state in those days, it has been said, that piety was no longer considered essential, even by many among the dissenters, for an admission to the Christian ministry. The excellent Bishop Burnet, while lamenting the decline of Christianity in the church to which he belonged, says: 'I cannot look on without the deepest concern, when I see imminent ruin hanging over this church, and by

consequence over the whole reformation. The outward state of things is black enough, God knows; but that which heightens my fears, rises chiefly from the inward state into which we are unhappily fallen.' He also tells us that candidates for ordination were commonly quite unacquainted with the Bible, and unable even to give an account of the statements in the church catechism. And in regard to many who reäppeared before the bishop to obtain institution to a living, it was still evident that they had not read the Scriptures, nor any other good book since they were ordained. In the words of a late writer, 'Genuine piety, Scriptural knowledge, ardent zeal, were no longer deemed essential to the sacred office, and were ridiculed as puritanical and degrading. Multitudes pressed into the Christian ministry who were utterly destitute of all those qualities which can give efficiency and true dignity to that office.'

The low degree of religion in England at that time, attracted the attention of foreigners. Montesquieu, the celebrated French author, who visited England in 1729, protested (though very unjustly), that the English had no religion at all. 'If any one,' he said, 'spoke of it, everybody laughed.' And as low as religion

had sunk in France, 'he confessed that he himself had not enough of it to satisfy his countrymen; and yet he found that he had too much to suit English society.'

In the Christian ministry, the spirit of earnestness, zeal, piety, and devotion, which animated the great and heavenly-minded preachers of the seventeenth century, and which pervaded their invaluable practical writings, seemed to have passed away, to be succeeded by a cold, speculative form of Christianity, without the life and power of godliness. 'A cold system of ethics,' says Mr. Morell, 'scarcely superior to the morality of the Pagan world, superseded the faithful and energetic preaching of former times.'

Various reasons have been assigned as some of the causes of this general decay of religion; such as violent political feelings; the circulation of a licentious literature; infidel writings; the degenerate character of the Christian ministry; a controversial spirit among Christians; and 'the withdrawment of the attention of the ablest and most learned Christian divines from the essentials of the gospel, to an elaborate vindication of its evidences in their controversy then carried on with deists and infidels.' But the grand reason of this lamentable state of

things in the religious world in England during the earlier part of the eighteenth century was, doubtless, the withholding of the Spirit of God from the churches; that Spirit which, when once poured out, causes even the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad; and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Doddridge was one of those few who sincerely grieved at the great decline of religion in those times; and during the course of his ministry, one of his principal efforts was to produce a revival of true religion. 'This was the governing principle of his life, the supreme object of his heart's desire, to which all his labors, whether as a pastor, a tutor, or an author, were solemnly consecrated.' How noble, how glorious an object! And how was the honest and good heart of Doddridge gladdened, a little before the close of his life, to know that a great change for the better was taking place in Great Britain and America. By the blessing of Heaven on his earnest labors, and those of his eminent and pious companions in the vineyard of the Lord, a series of remarkable revivals commenced — the great awakenings of the eighteenth century.

These prosperous times, in the church of God, commenced in New England under the

searching and powerful preaching of Jonathan Edwards, at Northampton, and in New Jersey, under the ministry of the Tennants. Then were truly verified the words of Isaiah respecting Zion — the field which the Lord hath blessed: 'It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.'

During the early period of Doddridge's career, there was not only a low state of religion in England, but also a general prevalence of infidelity. In the almost universal degeneracy in morals after the great civil war, this poisonous stream seems to have flowed in a more rapid, widening, and desolating course. It is true that some time before the civil war, the devout George Herbert, and other kindred souls, complain of 'the wickedness and growing atheism' of their age; but it was not till the early part of the eighteenth century that infidelity attained its full growth in England; and, with unhallowed hands, dared so openly and boldly to attack the citadel of the Christian faith.

Infidelity and atheism prevailed especially among the higher classes of society. When Doddridge was a boy, the gifted Lady Mary

Wortley Montague wrote, that there were 'more atheists among the fine ladies than among the loosest sort of rakes.' A sad confession! About the same time, bishop Burnet says, in his advice to clergymen; 'Begin with settling in your minds the foundations of your faith; and be full of this and ready at it, that you may know how to deal with unbelievers, for that is *the spreading corruption of this age.* There are few atheists, but many infidels, who are indeed very little better than the atheists. In this argument you ought to take pains to have all well digested, and clearly laid in your thoughts, that you may manage the controversy gently, without any asperity of words, but with a strength of reason.'* The Rev. Samuel Clarke, writing to Doddridge in 1721, advises him to get, in the course of his reading, 'well established' as to the authority of the Scriptures. 'The prevalency of deism,' he adds, 'makes the cultivation of that subject very necessary.'

The deistical controversy of that day was carried on with great ardor. Among the formidable opponents of the Christian religion, were Mandeville, Chubb, Toland, Tindal, Woolston, Collins, Chesterfield, Shaftesbury, and Boling-

*Conclusion of the History of his Own Time, written in 1708.

broke. To repel the arguments of these assailants of Christianity came forward some of the ablest and most learned Christian authors of those times.

Some of those who were induced by the publications of infidels to advocate the cause of our holy religion, were Clarke, Waterland, Sherlock, Warburton, Leland, Berkeley, and Butler. By collecting a mass of incontrovertible evidence in favor of the authenticity of the gospel history, Lardner 'established a bulwark on the side of truth which infidelity has never presumed to attack.'*

Doddridge himself early entered the field of controversy as a champion for the truth of the Christian religion. His Sermons on the Evidences of the glorious gospel, and his Letters in reply to an infidel publication entitled *Christianity not founded on Argument*, show how ably and successfully he contended for the faith of the gospel.

On the publication of these apologetic Letters, in 1743, a divine of our own country, the Rev. Mr. Pemberton, of New York, wrote to Doddridge a congratulatory letter, in which he says:

* 'Lardner's works contain a mine of theological learning, in which the student may toil till he is weary, and from which he can not fail to bring away much that is curious and edifying.'—Dr. Dibdin.

'It is melancholy to hear of the extensive progress of deism in the European world; but at the same time, it is a matter of rejoicing to all who wish well to the kingdom of Christ, that God is raising up from time to time some noble champions who successfully plead the cause of truth, and with convincing evidence maintain the divine authority of the gospel against the impetuous attacks of its adversaries. Among the number of these faithful advocates for religion, Dr. Doddridge will always be mentioned with distinguished honor.

'I have frequently read your Sermons upon the Evidences of the gospel with the greatest pleasure, in which the substance of many volumes is comprised, cast into a clear method, and admirably adapted to the common capacities of mankind. Your answers to *Christianity not founded, &c.*, will, I doubt not, be sufficient to overthrow the scheme of that unhappy writer, and prevent every considerate reader from being deceived by the plausible appearance he makes.'

Such is only a glance at the age in which, in the providence of God, Doddridge was raised up to be an advocate of the Christian revelation, an ornament to the church, a blessing to his country and the world, a promoter of vital religion, and a guiding-star to the Saviour.

CHAPTER II.

HIS STUDENT-LIFE.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE was born in London, on the 26th of June, 1702, the same year in which Queen Anne ascended the throne. Regarding his ancestry, but little information has descended to our times. A brother of his great grandfather, Sir John Doddridge, of a Devonshire family, was distinguished for his legal attainments and general erudition. He was solicitor general in the reign of James I, and wrote several elaborate treatises on subjects belonging to his profession. He died on the 13th of September, 1628, in the seventy-third year of his age. Thomas Fuller speaks of him as 'the honor of his robe and profession;' and a living author, in alluding to his character, says: 'Sir John was a bookworm and a scholar; and for a great period of his life, a man of mighty industry. His ruling passion went with him to the

grave; for he chose to be buried in Exeter Cathedral, at the threshold of its library.'*

John Doddridge, the grandfather of Philip, was educated for the ministry at the University of Oxford; and became rector of Shepperton, in Middlesex. He was one of the ejected ministers, in 1662. Dr. Calamy, in his *Nonconformist's Memorial*, describes him 'as an ingenious man and a scholar; an acceptable preacher, and a very peaceable divine.' He died suddenly in 1689, 'much respected and beloved by his people.'

Daniel Doddridge, his son, resided in London, where he carried on the trade of an oilman. He married the only daughter of Mr. Bauman, a Bohemian clergyman, who, fleeing from his native country to escape the persecution which arose in Bohemia, after the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector of Palatine, came to London about the year 1626, that he might enjoy greater liberty of conscience in matters of religion. From this union sprung a family of twenty children, of whom Philip, the subject of the present memoir, was the youngest. The rest of

* For some notices of this learned ancestor of Dr. Doddridge, see Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses;* Fuller's *History of the Worthies of England;* Prince's *Worthies of Devonshire;* Hearne's *Discourses;* Bridgman's *Legal Bibliography;* and the *Biographia Britannica* (second edition), in a note on the Life of Philip Doddridge.

this large family, with the exception of a daughter, who lived to become the wife of a dissenting minister, died young. At his birth, Philip Doddridge manifested so little vitality that he was laid aside as dead; but, Divine Providence having a noble work for him to perform, his life was mercifully spared to the church and the world. His constitution, however, originally feeble, never became robust.

At an early age, he received his first religious instruction from his mother, who is said to have been a woman of eminent piety. She encouraged her boy in the study of Scripture history, 'by pointing out and amplifying, with a mother's loving simplicity and graphic power, the scenes of Holy Writ depicted on the blue Dutch tiles, which, according to the fashion of the day, lined the chimney corner. That domestic incident has long been looked on as a sort of poetic legend in Nonconformist biography, as it well may, when one remembers that the little fellow, leaning on his mother's knee, and following the direction of her finger, and listening to her simple, easy words, was the destined author of the *Family Expositor*.' The religious impressions thus early made on his mind, by the teachings of an intelligent and pious parent, were deep and lasting.

On the influence of mothers in the formation of the moral and literary character of their offspring, Mr. Disraeli has this excellent observation: 'The first durable impressions of our moral nature come from the mother. The first prudential wisdom to which genius listens, falls from her lips, and only her caresses can create the moments of tenderness. The earnest discernment of a mother's love survives in the imagination of manhood.'* Among the most distinguished of those whose earliest religious feelings may be traced to the affectionate influence, the pious example, and the religious instruction of their mothers, may be recorded the names of St. Augustin, Richard Hooker, Bp. Hall, John Newton, Samuel Davies, Richard Cecil, Bp. Watson, and Timothy Dwight, D. D.

Doddridge was instructed in the elements of classical literature by Mr. Scott, a clergyman, who kept an academy in London. In 1712, when he had attained his tenth year, he was removed to Kingston-on-Thames, a flourishing town in the county of Surrey, ten miles southwest of London. Here he was placed in a Grammar school, over which presided the Rev. Mr. Mayo, whose ministry he attended, and to whose pious counsels he considered himself deep-

* *The Literary Character; or the History of Men of Genius.*

ly indebted. During the three years which young Doddridge spent at Kingston he was noted and esteemed for his sweet disposition, his unaffected piety, and his unremitting application to study.

In the summer of 1715, he was called to endure a severe affliction in the death of his father; and though so sad an event deeply affected him, yet he was resigned to the Divine will, and enabled, with all confidence, to look up to his Heavenly Father, for support and comfort, breathing this pious reflection: 'God is an immortal Father; my soul rejoiceth in Him: He has hitherto helped me and provided for me; may it be my study to approve myself a more affectionate, grateful, and dutiful child.'* About the same period, it is believed, his excellent mother was also removed by death; and he was thus early left a helpless orphan. In his beautiful sermon, *The Orphan's Hope*, he touchingly alludes to the bereavements of his early days: 'I am under some peculiar obligations to desire and attempt the relief of orphans, as I know the heart of an orphan; having been deprived of both my parents at an age in which it might reasonably be supposed a child should be most sensible of such a loss.'

* 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.'— SHAKESPEARE.

About the time of his father's death he was placed under the care of the Rev. Nathaniel Wood, teacher of a school at St. Albans, an old town so 'famed for the remains of its noble abbey.'*

While pursuing his studies here, he became acquainted with the Rev. Samuel Clarke, D. D., a great-grandson of Samuel Clarke, the martyrologist, and a gentleman who, 'with ample means, possessed a large heart, and to extensive erudition added unaffected piety.' His admirable *Collection of Scripture Promises*, has been frequently reprinted, and is still popular.†

Dr. Clarke was for many years pastor of the nonconformist congregation at St. Albans. And here, Doddridge, while a student, attended his

* "St. Albans (sent awl'banz), a borough and town of England, county of Hertford, 10 miles N. W. of London, 6½ miles N. E. of the Watford station of the London and Birmingham railway. Pop. of the borough, in 1851, 7,000."—*Imperial Gazeteer.*

† 'Your book on *The Promises*, is exceedingly useful to my pupils, to whom I fail not earnestly to recommend it, and am reading it over in the family, with brief devotional remarks every Lord's day morning.'—DODDRIDGE; *in a letter to Dr. Clarke, dated May* 2, 1740.

Dr. Watts, in his beautiful notice of *The Scripture Promises*, says: 'Those who have little leisure for reading, may find their account in keeping this book always near them; and, with the glance of an eye, they may take in the riches of grace and glory, and derive many a sweet refreshment from hence,

ministry which seems to have impressed his youthful mind more and more 'with the beauty of holiness and the blessedness of a religious life.' At the age of eighteen he was admitted to the church under Dr. Clarke. His reflections on the solemn occasion of his first approach to the Lord's table, as recorded in his diary, beautifully express the feelings of a devout heart: 'I rose early this morning, read that part of Mr. Henry's book on the Lord's supper, which treats of due approach to it. I endeavored to excite in myself those dispositions and affections which he mentions as proper for that ordinance. As I endeavored to prepare my heart, *according to the preparation of the sanctuary*, though with many defects, God was pleased to meet me, and give me sweet communion with Himself, of which I desire always to retain a grateful sense. I, this day, in the strength of Christ, renewed my covenant with God, and renounced my covenant with sin. I vowed against every sin,

amidst their labors and travels through this wilderness. It is of excellent use to lie on the table in a chamber of sickness, and now and then to take a sip of the River of Life, which runs through it in a thousand little rills of peace and joy.'

The Rev. Ralf Wardlaw, D. D., who wrote an essay for the new edition of Clarke's *Scripture Promises*, in 1850, says: 'The volume is like an arranged museum of gems, and precious stones, and pearls of inestimable value.'

and resolved carefully to perform every duty. *The Lord keep this in the imagination of my heart,* and grant I may not deal treacherously with Him! In the evening I read and thought on some of Mr. Henry's directions for a suitable conversation after the Lord's supper: and then prayed, begging that God would give me grace so to act as he requires and as I have bound myself. I then looked over the memorandums of this day, comparing the manner in which I spent it, and blessed be God, I had reason to do it with some pleasure, though in some instances I found cause for humiliation.'

On leaving the school of St. Albans, in 1718, Doddridge resided for some time with his sister, who was now married to the Rev. John Nettleton, a nonconformist minister at Ougar, in Essex.

About this time he appears to have entertained the idea of devoting himself to the ministry. But he knew not how to complete his preparatory course for want of means, as he was now reduced in circumstances, by the imprudence of the person, who, after his father's death, had the charge of his pecuniary affairs. During his continuance at the house of Mr. Nettleton the Duchess of Bedford generously offered to defray the expenses of his education in one of the universities, if he would consent to unite with

the Church of England; but, like Dr. Watts, who received a similar proposition, he respectfully declined it, because he could not conscientiously comply with the terms of ministerial conformity. Still he was at a loss what course to pursue. In painful suspense, and with a trembling heart, he at length ventured to call on the eminent Dr. Calamy for advice and assistance.* But, receiving no encouragement from him, he returned to his lodging with a heavy heart, and made the following entry in his diary:

* Edmund Calamy was born on the 5th of April, 1671. He was a grandson of the eloquent Dr. Calamy, minister of Aldermanbury, a distinguished member of the Westminster Assembly, and one of the authors of *Smectymnuus*, an answer to Bp. Hall's *Divine Right of Episcopacy*. He received a thorough academical education; and in 1688, was sent to the University of Utrecht, where he applied himself so assiduously to his studies, that he is said to have spent 'one whole night every week among his books.' In 1692, he was chosen assistant to the Rev. Matthew Sylvester, at Blackfriars, London. In 1703, he became pastor of a congregation at Westminster. He lived to see Doddridge become a useful minister, an author, and pastor of a congregation at Northampton. He died, greatly lamented, on the 3d of June, 1732, in the sixty-second year of his age. Dr. Calamy was a celebrated nonconformist and polemic; highly esteemed among the dissenters, and by many clergymen of the established church. He is the author of *Memoirs of the Rev. John Howe*, 8vo., 1724; *An Abridgment of Baxter's Life and Times, with an account of the ejected Ministers*, 4 vols., 8vo., 1713–27. *An Historical Account of His own Life*, 2 vols., 8vo, 1830. *Sermons*, etc.

'I waited upon Dr. Edmund Calamy to beg his advice and assistance, that I might be brought up a minister, which has always been my great desire. He gave me no encouragement in it, but advised me to turn my thoughts to something else. It was with great concern, that I received such advice; but I desire to follow Providence and not force it. The Lord give me grace to glorify Him in whatever station He sets me: then, *here am I, let Him do with me what seemeth good in His sight.*'*

He then received an advantageous proposal to enter on the study of the law, and was on the point of accepting it; but, before taking a decisive step, he set apart one morning to seek the Divine direction.† While engaged in his devotions, the post-man called at his door with a letter from the Rev. Samuel Clarke, in which that excellent divine very generously offered to take him un-

* 'There is surely no imaginable situation of mind so sweet and so reasonable, as that which we feel when we humbly refer ourselves, in all things to the Divine disposal, in an entire suspension of our own will, seeing and owning the hand of God, and bowing before it with a filial acquiescence.'—DODDRIDGE; *in his sermon on submission to Divine Providence in the death of children.*'

† The writer of the article on Doddridge, in *The New American Cyclopædia*, is mistaken in saying, that 'he pursued for some time the study of the law.'

der his own roof, and furnish him with means for prosecuting his preparatory studies for the ministry. The reader can imagine with what heart-felt gratitude the youthful Doddridge received this cheering communication, and with what delight he sat down to write the following passage in his diary: 'This I looked upon almost as an answer from heaven, and, while I live, shall always adore so seasonable an interposition of Divine Providence. I have sought God's direction in this matter, and I hope I have had it. My only view in my choice hath been that of more extensive service, and I beg God would make me an instrument of doing much good in the world.'

Thus was Doddridge led into the ministry; and to this favorable interposition of Divine Providence in raising up for him such a friend as Dr. Clarke, he refers in the following passage in his sermon on *The Orphan's Hope*, preached from Psalm 27 : 10 : 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' 'There are, my friends, I am sure there are, those amongst us this day, who can set our seal to the truth of what has now been spoken, and can say, in the language of the text, that when our father and our mother did both of them forsake us, then the Lord actually took us up, and proved a most gracious Parent to us. He supplied

the breaches that He made, and by a train of providence, which we cannot but admire in the review, raised up other friends for us; and it may be, inspired almost with the tenderness of parents, persons who were ever unknown to us, when the last of our parents was taken away. Nay, perhaps, some of us may say, that the death of a valuable parent, which we feared would be our ruin, has proved in some of its then unthought-of consequences, on the whole, a very great mercy to us.'

While at St. Albans with his generous friend, for whom he ever retained a strong feeling of gratitude and respect, Doddridge pursued his studies with ardor and facility, having access to the well furnished library of Dr. Clarke, and receiving his constant advice and instruction.

In 1716, when only fourteen years of age, he commenced keeping a diary, in which he 'accounted for every hour of his time.' He was one who employed his time to the greatest possible advantage. Few, indeed, have been so sensible of its value. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a Christian who has more faithfully regarded the apostolic exhortation; 'See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, *redeeming the time*, because the days are evil.' That he might have more time for

study and devotion, he enforced upon himself the necessity of early rising; and we are told that 'unless severely indisposed, he quitted his bed, winter and summer, at five o'clock.' His own language will best show how careful he was to improve the precious hours of life: 'I am generally employed, with very short intervals, from morning to night, and have seldom more than six hours in bed; yet, such is the goodness of God to me, that I seldom know what it is to be weary.' Such a course he pursued, not only while a student, but through his subsequent life. And to this habit of early rising we are told that 'he used to ascribe a great part of the progress he had made in learning.'

In this Doddridge followed the example of Milton, and other famous and industrious authors. Says the great epic poet, in alluding to his own early rising and morning employments: 'My morning haunts are, where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read till attention be weary, or memory have its full freight.'

> Oh! there is a charm
> That morning has, that gives the brow of age
> A smack of youth, and makes the life of youth
> Breathe perfume exquisite. Expect it not,
> Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
> Indulging feverish sleep, or wakeful dream
> Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,
> But in regions of romance.—HURDIS.

In the autumn of 1719, at the age of seventeen, Doddridge removed to the quiet village of Kibworth, in Leicestershire, to prosecute his theological studies under the learned and pious John Jennings, D. D., principal of a dissenting academy in that town.* Dr. John Jennings is the author

* The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of London, has committed an error in saying that the academy at Kibworth was conducted by the Rev. David Jennings, when Doddridge was a student in that institution. *See his article on Doddridge in the North British Review*, XIV, 190; *and also in his Christian Classics, vol.* III, 366, *ed. of* 1859, *published by the Messrs. Carter, in* 4 *vols.* 12*mo.*

The Rev. J. R. Boyd has also made a similar mistake in stating that the Rev. John Jennings was the 'author of the learned work on *The Antiquities of the Jews.*' *See his Memoirs of the Life, Character and Writings of Doddridge; published by the American Tract Society*, 12*mo., p.* 22.

In both of these statements the facts are, that the author of the valuable treatise on *Jewish Antiquities* was the Rev. David Jennings, D. D., a brother of John Jennings, D. D., the tutor of Doddridge.

David Jennings was born in 1691; and died in 1762. He was divinity tutor at Coward's academy in 1744. He was also

of two discourses on *Preaching Christ*, and *Particular and Experimental Preaching*, first published in 1723, with a recommendatory preface by Dr. Watts. These excellent discourses, which deserve 'the serious attention of every minister,' are included, in an abridged form, in Dr. Williams' *Christian Preacher*.

At the Kibworth academy, Doddridge was a diligent scholar, and studied with great care the Greek and Latin classics, and the Scriptures in the original languages. Like Isaac Watts, in his academical course, he adopted the excellent method of epitomizing some of the most valuable books he perused, or of writing observations on them. In reading he especially extracted such passages as might illustrate any particular text of scripture, or in any other way be of service to him in his preparations for the pulpit. His annotations on Homer alone, it is said, would fill a good sized volume.

He was particularly fond of the Greek classics, and studied them with great admiration, espe-

pastor of a congregation in Old Gravel Lane, Wapping, 1744-62. His work on *Jewish Antiquities* 'has long held a distinguished character for its accuracy and learning.'. John Jennings accepted a call from the dissenting church at Hinckly in 1722, and died the following year in the prime of life. The names of these excellent brothers occupy a distinguished place in non-conformist literature.

cially Homer, Pindar, Xenophon, Isocrates, Theocritus, Epictetus and Lucian. In Roman literature he read Terence, Horace and Cicero. In this manner he laid a foundation for that 'solidity, strength and correctness, both of sentiment and style, which must seldom be expected where those great originals are unknown or disregarded.'*

While at the Kibworth academy, Doddridge also studied French, reading some of the best authors in that language, both in poetry and prose. Speaking of Racine, whose pathos is so profound, and the grace and melody of whose diction are so exquisite, he says, in a letter to a friend: 'Of all their dramatic poets, I have met with none that I admire so much as Racine. It is impossible not to be charmed with the pomp, elegance and harmony of his language,

* On the utility of the study of the classics in the liberal education of young men, the Rev. John Todd, D. D., has this forcible and happy remark: 'I do not believe it is possible to educate the mind so as to fit it for extensive influence in this age of the world, without the classics. You wish for a perfect, accurate, and complete power over your own language, so as to make it a faultless vehicle of thought. And where can you find a discipline so sure to give this, as the study of that most perfect, philosophical, and beautiful of all human tongues — the Greek? and also the study of that noble language, fitted for the majesty of the mightiest people the earth ever saw — the Latin?'— *Oration delivered at Union College, Sept.* 21, 1846.

as well as the majesty, tenderness and propriety of his sentiments. The whole is conducted with a wonderful mixture of grandeur and simplicity, which sufficiently distinguish him from the dullness of some tragedians, and the bombast of others.' Another French author, whose works he read with pleasure, was the eminent and pious Fenelon. He writes in the letter just quoted: 'I lately met with the archbishop of Cambray's *Reflections upon Eloquence*, which I think one of the most judicious pieces I have ever seen. There are some fine criticisms at the end of it, which well deserve your perusal.' Fenelon's *Telemachus*, and Bourdaloue's *Sermons*, were used as text books in the academy of Mr. Jennings, at Kibworth, and Doddridge does not seem to have lost the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the finest passages of these noble authors.

In addition to this classical, he cultivated, while under the care of Dr. Jennings, general literature. We are told that, in the space of six months, he perused with care as many as sixty volumes, including Patrick's *Commentary on the Old Testament;* the works of Tillotson,* then his

* Beautifully and forcibly has the character of Dr. Tillotson been drawn by the pen of Bp. Burnet, his intimate and valued friend: 'He was the man of the truest judgment and best temper I had ever known: he had a clear head, with a most

principal favorite; and the Boyle lectures in defense of natural and revealed religion.*

The course of his reading in the department of theological literature was very extensive. Some of the other works he speaks of reading at this period, were Barrow's *Sermons;* Scott's

tender and compassionate heart: he was a faithful and zealous friend, but a gentle and soon conquered enemy: he was truly and seriously religious, but without affectation, bigotry or superstition: his notions of morality were fine and sublime: his thread of reasoning was easy, clear, and solid: he was not only the best preacher of the age, but seemed to have brought preaching to perfection: his sermons were so well heard and liked, and so much read that all the nation proposed him as a pattern, and studied to copy after him.'—*History of his Own Time.*

* 'The Boyle lectureship was founded at Oxford by that illustrious philosopher, the Hon. Robert Boyle. Its design is, 'to prove the truth of the Christian religion against infidels, without descending to any controversies among Christians, and to answer new difficulties, scruples,' &c. It has produced some very valuable works on the being and attributes of God. The preacher, at this lectureship, was to be chosen for a period not longer than three years. Some of the earlier preachers, whose lectures are published, were Dr. R. Bently, Bp. Kidder, Bp. Gastrell, Dr. John Harris, Dean Stanhope, Dr. Samuel Clarke, W. Whiston, and Dr. W. Derham.

In 1739, a collection of the Boyle lectures was published in 3 vols. folio. Of this collection, Bp. Watson says: 'If all other defenses of religion were lost, there is solid reasoning enough (if properly weighed), in these three volumes to remove the scruples of most unbelievers.'

Christian Life; Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth;* Locke's *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding;* Lord Shaftesbury's works, containing 'a strange mixture of good sense and extravagance;' Prideaux's *Connection of the Old and New Testament with the History of the Jews and Neighboring Nations,* 'which,' he says 'I am now reading with a particular view to the prophecies;' *The Spectator;* and various other essays, besides poems and travels.

The lines of Dr. Johnson may be suitably applied to Doddridge, during his student-life:

> 'His force of genius burned in early youth
> With thirst of knowledge and with love of truth;
> His learning, joined with each endearing art,
> Charmed every ear and gained on every heart.'

But, at Kibworth, books did not engage his undivided attention. He also studied with great diligence the volume of nature. In the solitude of the surrounding country he seems to have loved to ramble in the open fields, deeply interested in the various scenes and objects around him; now viewing the broad and beautiful meadows, and the clear, silvery streams; now listening to the murmuring sound of brooks, and the sweet music of birds; now looking

upon the deep, blue sky, and the floating clouds;* and now, with silent admiration, contemplating the splendors of a summer sunset.†

In his letters, written during the latter period of his academical course, in 1722, we have an interesting account of his studious life. He speaks of the 'lovely prospect' which he enjoyed at Kibworth; of 'those agreeable retreats without doors,' to which he resorted; of 'flowery

* 'To the wise man,' says Goldsmith, 'the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert; and the tincture of the cloud preferable to the touch of the finest pencil.—*Citizen of the World.*

† 'And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'ed lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

WORDSWORTH.

meadows, and purling streams;' of 'gardens, arbors, and grottos;' and of all 'those pretty embellishments of nature' which afford so much gratification to persons of highly imaginative minds and exquisite tastes. Amidst those 'charming retreats' he often 'walked alone,' in the freshness and brightness of the morning, in the glorious sunshine of midday, or in the softness and stillness of the evening, musing on the manifold and peaceful works of God, with which He has replenished and adorned 'this bright and breathing world.'*

From viewing Doddridge in the school room, pursuing with ardor the study of the classics and the sciences, and in the cool, flowery arbors or beautiful, open fields, surveying the works of creation, we turn to consider him in his progress in virtue and piety, during his student-life. The best evidence of the state of his moral and

* 'No cares or business here disturb our hours,
While underneath these shady, peaceful bowers
In cool delight and innocence we stray,
And midst a thousand pleasures pass the day.
Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly;
Just as the sun declining with his beams
Kisses, and gently warms the gliding streams;
Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
And roll in wanton liberty away.'—OTWAY.

religious feelings, while under the care of Dr. Jennings, is furnished in a series of rules which he framed at that time for the regulation of his conduct and the cultivation of his piety. These rules, formed by one who had not attained the age of twenty, show a remarkable degree of that wisdom which is from above, the beginning of which is the fear of the Lord, and a desire to be devoted to His service and worship. What more seasonable rules can be furnished for the general guidance of students in the grand and noble aims of the Christian life? By those, especially, who are pursuing a course of study preparatory to the ministry, they are worthy of a careful and serious attention.

Rules for the Direction of my Conduct While a Student.

1. Let my first thoughts be devout and thankful. Let me rise early, immediately return God solemn thanks for the mercies of the night, devote myself to Him, and beg His assistance in the intended business of the day.

2. In this, and every other act of devotion, let me recollect my thoughts; speak directly to Him, and never give way to anything internal or external that may divert my attention.

3. Let me set myself to read the Scriptures

every morning. In the first reading let me endeavor to impress my heart with a practical sense of divine things; then use the help of commentators. Let these rules, with proper alterations, be observed every evening.

4. Never let me trifle with a book with which I may have no present concern. In applying myself to any work, let me first recollect what I may learn by it, and then beg suitable assistance from God; and let me continually endeavor to make all my studies subservient to practical religion and ministerial usefulness.

5. Never let me lose one minute of time, nor incur unnecessary expenses, that I may have the more to spend for God.

6. When I am called abroad, let me be desirous of doing good, and receiving good. Let me always have in readiness some subject of contemplation, and endeavor to improve my time with good thoughts as I go along. Let me endeavor to render myself agreeable, and useful to all about me by a tender, compassionate, friendly behavior, avoiding all trifling and impertinent stories, and remembering that imprudence is sin.

7. Let me use moderation at meals, and see that I am not hypocritical in prayers and thanksgiving at them.

8. Let me never delay anything, unless I can prove that another time will be more fit than the present, or that some other more important duty requires my attendance.

9. Let me be often lifting up my heart to God in the intervals of secret worship, repeating those petitions which are of the greatest importance, and a surrender of myself to His service.

10. Never let me enter into long schemes about *future* events, but in general refer myself to the Divine care.

11. Let me labor after habitual gratitude and love to God and the Redeemer. Let me guard against pride, remembering that I have all from God's hand, and that I have deserved the severest punishment.

12. In all my studies let me remember that the souls of men are immortal, and that Christ died to redeem them.

13. Let me consecrate my sleep and all my recreations to God, and seek them for His sake.

14. Let me frequently ask myself what duty or what temptation is now before me?

15. Let me remember that through the mercy of God in a Redeemer, I hope that I am within a short space of heaven.

16. Let me be frequently surveying these rules, and my conduct as compared with them.

17. Let me often recollect which of these rules I have present occasion to practice.

18. If I have grossly erred in any one of these particulars, let me not think it an excuse for erring in others.

In connection with these excellent rules may be enumerated a more brief series of directions, prepared about this time, by the same hand, and for a similar object.

1. Begin the day with God.*

2. Be conscientious and diligent in the business of the day.

3. Be moderate and innocent in the recreations of the day.

4. Carefully remark and wisely improve all providential dispensations.

5. Guard against the temptations of the day.

6. Govern your thoughts when alone.

7. Guard your tongue when in company.

8. In everything depend on the assisting grace of God. Whatever be the work in hand, whether sacred or civil, whether temple work, domestic

* Be still with Him when you awake, Ps. 139:18. In the morning thank Him for your rest, and deliver up yourself to His conduct and service for the day. Go forth as with Him, and to do His work; do every action with the command of God and the promise of heaven before your eyes, and upon your hearts. Live as those who have incomparably more to do with God and heaven, than with all this world.—*Baxter.*

work, public work or closet work, seek divine assistance.

9. Close the day with self-examination and prayer.

It is worthy of observation that while Doddridge was framing these rules in his academical career, our great American theologian, Jonathan Edwards, was, about the same time, during his preparation for, and shortly after his entrance on, the ministry, forming a series of seventy resolutions for the regulation of his own heart and life; all of which, like those of Doddridge, were written before the age of twenty. In reading the rules of Doddridge we were forcibly reminded of the resolutions of Edwards, a few of which we would here introduce. They discover a profound knowledge of the human heart, great attainments in the divine life, and a high, evangelical tone. 'These resolutions,' says S. E. Dwight, 'are, perhaps, to persons of every age, but especially to the young, the best uninspired summary of Christian duty, the best directory to high attainments in evangelical virtue, which the mind of man has hitherto been able to form.'

Resolved, Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

Resolved, Never to do anything, which I should be afraid to do, if it were the last hour of my life.

Resolved, To maintain the strictest temperance, in eating and drinking.

Resolved, To study the Scriptures so steadily, constantly and frequently, as that I may find, and plainly perceive myself to grow in the knowledge of the same.

Resolved, To strive, every week, to be brought higher in religion, and to a higher exercise of grace, than I was the week before.

Resolved, To improve every opportunity, when I am in the best and happiest frame of mind, to cast and venture my soul on the Lord Jesus Christ; to trust and confide in Him, and consecrate myself wholly to Him; that from this I may have assurance of my safety, knowing that I confide in my Redeemer. *July* 8, 1723.

Resolved, When I fear misfortunes and adversity, to examine whether I have done my duty, and resolve to do it, and let the event be just as Providence orders it. I will, as far as I can, be concerned about nothing but my duty, and my sin. *June* 9 *and July* 13, 1723.

Resolved, When I find those '*groanings which cannot be uttered*,' of which the apostle speaks, and those '*breakings of soul for the longing that it*

hath,' of which the Psalmist speaks, Psalm 119: 20; that I will promote them to the utmost of my power, and that I will not be weary of earnestly endeavoring to vent my desires, nor of the repetitions of such earnestness. *July* 23 *and August* 10, 1723.

Resolved, Very much to exercise myself in this, all my life long, viz: with the greatest openness of which I am capable, to declare my ways to God, and lay open my soul to Him; all my sins, temptations, difficulties, sorrows, fears, hopes, desires, and every thing, and every circumstance, according to Dr. Manton's sermon on the 119th Psalm. *July* 26, *and August* 10, 1723.

Resolved, That I will endeavor always to keep a benign aspect and air of acting and speaking, in all places, and in all companies, except it should so happen that duty requires otherwise.

Let there be something of benevolence in all that I speak. *August* 17, 1723.*

Shortly before completing his studies, preparatory to the ministry, Doddridge removed with his tutor, Dr. Jennings, to Hinckley, a populous and thriving town, situated in the county of Leicester, thirteen miles southwest of the city of Leicester. The country in the vicinity of

* See *Life of President Edwards*, by S. E. Dwight, pp. 67-74.

Hinckley, he writes, is 'rather more pleasant than the neighborhood of Kibworth,' but from the window of his 'very pretty little chamber' he had 'no very delightful prospect.' He remarks again, with reference to this removal to Hinckley: 'We have certainly changed for the worse in our removal from Kibworth, both as to house, garden and fields.'

Doddridge finished his course of preparatory theological studies at Hinckley; and, on being licensed to preach, delivered his first discourse there in the summer of 1722, just after he had completed his twentieth year. The sermon was founded on that striking text: 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maran-atha.' 1 Cor. 16 : 22. It was 'a plain, practical discourse,' on 'a very moving subject,' preached to 'a very large auditory.' It is interesting to know that it was evidently accompanied with the divine blessing. 'I find in Doddridge's diary,' says Mr. Orton, 'that two persons ascribed their conversion to the blessing of God attending that sermon, with which he appears to have been much affected and encouraged.'

With such happy results opened the ministry of Philip Doddridge — a ministry which was signally blessed by the Chief Shepherd in the bring-

ing of many a wanderer into the gospel fold, and in the edification and consolation of many a Christian pilgrim on the journey heavenward. And though he had not yet attained that distinguished excellence of Christian character — that solemnity of deportment, spirituality of mind, and entire devotedness to God, which marked his future career, yet Doddridge's path henceforward was like 'the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

CHAPTER III.

HIS PASTORATE AT KIBWORTH AND MARKET HARBOROUGH.

THE first pastoral settlement of Doddridge commenced in the summer of 1723. He then accepted a unanimous invitation to become the successor of his tutor, Dr. Jennings, in the charge of a small congregation at the village of Kibworth.

In assuming this charge, he drew up the following excellent rules respecting his ministerial duties, which he was very careful to observe:

1. I will spend some extraordinary time in private devotion every Lord's day, morning or evening, as opportunity may offer, and will then endeavor to *preach over to my own soul* that doctrine which I preach to others.

2. I will take every second evening in the week, in which I will spend half an hour in devotional exercises, on such subjects relative to

the congregation as I think most suitable to that occasion.

3. At the close of every week and month, I will spend some time in its review, that I may see how time has been improved, innocence secured, duties discharged, and whether I advance or lose ground in religion.

4. When I have an affair of more than ordinary importance before me, or meet with any remarkable occurrence, either merciful or afflictive, I will set apart some time for contemplation and to seek God upon it.

5. I will more particularly devote some time every Friday to seek God, on account of those who recommend themselves to my prayers, and to pray for the public welfare; a subject which I will never totally exclude.

6. In all the duties of the oratory, I will endeavor to maintain a serious and affectionate temper.

I am sensible that I have a heart which will incline me to depart from God. May His Spirit strengthen and sanctify it, so that I may find Him in such seasons of retirement, and that my Heavenly Father may behold me here with pleasure, and at length openly reward me, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Doddridge found his settlement at Kibworth

extremely agreeable, and met with 'a great deal of comfort and encouragement' among his friends there. To one he writes at this period: 'I reside in a very agreeable family, where I have very comfortable accommodations about me, and have almost as much time for study as I had when I was at the academy. The congregation consists of about two hundred and fifty people.'

Here he devoted himself with untiring patience and diligence to sacred and profane literature, and to the discharge of his professional duties.

From the following passage in one of his letters to a female correspondent, who had 'condoled with him on being buried alive,' it appears that he passed those days both pleasantly and profitably, while engaged in his favorite employments, amidst the quiet scenes of a rural town. Speaking of his resolution to stick pretty close to those delightful studies, which a favorable Providence has made the business of his life, he says: 'One day passes away after another, and I only know that it passes pleasantly with me; but, as for the world about me, I have very little concern with it. I live like a tortoise, shut up in its shell, almost always in the same town, in the same house and

in the same chamber; and yet I live like a prince —not indeed in the pomp of greatness, but in the pride of liberty; master of my books, master of my time, and, I hope I may add, master of myself too.

'I can willingly give up the charms of your ensnaring town (London), its popularity, company and luxury, for the secret pleasures of rational employment and self-approbation; for a silent retreat from applause or reproach, from envy or contempt, and the destructive baits of avarice and ambition. So that, upon the whole, madam, I would not have you lament it as my misfortune, but rather congratulate me upon it as my happiness, that I am thus confined to an obscure village, seeing it gives me so many favorable advantages for the most serious and important purposes of devotion and philosophy, and, I hope I may add, of usefulness too.'

During his settlement at Kibworth, we have another exquisite picture of country life and rural scenes, drawn by his own hand. Writing to one in the bright season of summer, he says: 'You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunt-

ing of swine and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbor under some tall, shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may, perhaps, catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which, I fancy, would please you extremely. The ground is dainty greensward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows, and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honor to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express.* I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune

* 'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'—SHAKESPEARE.

that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air and the beasts of the field for my companions.' *

From this pleasing picture, let us turn to the study of Doddridge at Kibworth, and see what authors were engaging his attention in the early days of his ministry. On this point he has given us abundant information in his *Correspondence*. He was now employing a considerable portion of his time in studying the works of Richard Baxter, of whose spirit he drank deeply, and whose solemn earnestness he 'most successfully imitated.' A friend presented him, at this time, with a copy of Baxter's *Practical Works*, and in acknowledging the receipt of so valuable a present, he writes to the donor: 'I shall be heartily glad if ever it lies in my power, by any little service, to express the estimation in which I hold your favor. At this time I can think of no other way of doing so than to study those excellent books with all imaginable care; and by what I already know of them, I have abundant reason to conclude that I shall fully find my account in doing so.

'I would hope, sir, that it will be some satisfaction to you to think that you have not only given me many of the most rational and

* Letter, dated July 15, 1723.

charming entertainments, but that by the blessing of God upon my future ministry, some sinners may, perhaps, owe their conversion; some honest Christians their comfort and edification, to my acquaintance with Mr. Baxter's incomparable writings, for which I am thus obliged to your generosity.' * A few weeks after receiving this copy of Baxter's works, he writes to his generous friend and patron, the Rev. Dr. Clarke: 'I have lately received Mr. Baxter's works, which I am now reading with abundance of pleasure.' † And again, in the fall of the same year, he says, in another letter to the same friend: 'At present my thoughts are principally taken up with divinity and the study of the Scriptures. I am going on with Mr. Baxter's works, which I can not sufficiently admire. I have been looking over his *Reasons for the Christian Religion*, and I find a great many curious and

* Letter, dated April 13, 1724,

Dr. Chalmers, who was an admirer of Doddridge's writings, seems to have been struck with the similarity between Baxter and Doddridge, with respect to the impressiveness and solemnity of their language. In a letter to his brother he says:

'I look upon Baxter and Doddridge as two most impressive writers, and from whom you are most likely to carry away the impression, that a preparation for eternity should be the main business and anxiety of time.'

† Letter dated May 5, 1724.

important thoughts, which have not occured to me in any of the Boylean Lectures which I have seen.' * A still more particular reference to the estimation in which he held the writings of this great Puritan, is found in one of his letters to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Nettleton. 'Baxter,' he writes, 'is my particular favorite; and it is impossible to tell you how much I am charmed with the devotion, good sense and pathos which are everywhere to be found in that writer. I can not indeed forbear looking upon him as one of the greatest orators that our nation ever produced, both with regard to copiousness, acuteness and energy; and if he has described the temper of his own heart, he appears to have been so far superior to the generality of those whom we must charitably hope to be good men, that one would imagine God raised him up to disgrace and condemn his brethren, by showing what a Christian is, and how few in the world deserve the character! I have lately been reading his *Gildas Salvianus* (*Reformed Pastor*),† which has cut me out some

* Letter, dated Oct. 22, 1724.

† 'It is one of the best of his invaluable practical works. In the whole compass of divinity, there is scarcely any thing superior to it, in close, pathetic appeals to the conscience of the minister of Christ, upon the primary duties of his office.'—Bp. Daniel Wilson

work among my people, that will take me off from so close an application to my private studies as I could otherwise covet; but may, I hope, answer some valuable purposes, both with regard to myself and others.' *

Another of his favorite authors, about this period, was John Howe, whose seraphic fervor seems to have been the means of producing in him a greater love for things spiritual and divine.

Isaac Barrow was also a writer whom he greatly valued. Dr. Kippis informs us that he remembers to have heard him speak of Barrow with great energy of commendation; and we find that in his *Lectures on Preaching*, Doddridge pronounces him the most laconic writer among the English divines. 'Nothing,' he adds, 'is more elaborate than his discourses, most of them having been transcribed three times over, and some of them oftener.' †

In his pleasant retreat at Kibworth, the perusal of such authors afforded Doddridge the richest entertainment and instruction. And

* Letter, dated Dec. 8, 1724.

† While a student at the University of Oxford, Lord Chatham, 'as a means of acquiring copiousness of diction and an exact choice of words,' is said to have read and re-read the *Sermons* of Barrow, till he knew many of them by heart.

there he wrote many of his own sermons, and labored on his expositions and other works.

'Books,' says Wordsworth, 'are a substantial world;' and another writer, in speaking of a library, calls it 'the monument of vanished minds.'* Doddridge was one of those who loved to move in this 'substantial world,' and to study the inscriptions on this imperishable monument. He early commenced to form a valuable private library, which continued through his life to be increased by purchases and the gifts of friends. At the time of his death it contained about three thousand volumes. While at Kibworth, we find him on one occasion sending to London for '*Howe*, *Bates*, *Prideaux*, the *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, and a great many other good books.' The year after his first settlement he writes to some of his friends: 'At present I

* 'The past but lives in words; a thousand ages
Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,
And kept the pale unbodied shades to warn us
From fleshless lips.'—E. L. Bulwer.

'A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life'.—Milton.

'Blessed be the memory of those who have left their blood, their spirits, their lives in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves in these enduring monuments to give light to others.'—Bp. Hall's *Meditation on a Library*.

apply myself entirely to the Bible, theoretical and practical divinity, but principally the latter. I have many useful books, and a good deal of time to make use of them.' 'I am glad your library increases,' writes his brother-in-law, soon after our author's removal to Northampton; and in his reflections on one of his visits to London, Doddridge himself rejoices that he had there 'met with many kind friends, and with some handsome presents to his library.'* Thus it seems that his taste for collecting valuable books, was a source of great pleasure through life.

In 1725, Doddridge, while continuing to preach at Kibworth, removed to Market Harborough, a place about five miles distant.† His occasional discourses at Market Harborough were so acceptable, that, in 1729, he was chosen assistant to the Rev. Mr. Some, pastor of a church at that place; 'the congregation,' says Dr. Kippis, 'being desirous to enjoy his labors

* 'Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.'—COLTON.

† 'Market Harborough, a market town of England, 16½ miles S. S. E. of Leicester, on the Welland, and on the London and York railway. Population in 1851, 2,325. It has a fine Gothic church, said to have been erected by John of Gaunt.'—*Imperial Gazetteer.*

more frequently than before; the result of which choice was, that he preached there and at Kibworth alternately.'

Here he still continued with undiminished ardor his studies in ecclesiastical history, theology, classical and English literature. In his *Correspondence* we have some delightful views of his every day life as a scholar at this period.

The following extracts may be presented as the gems of his epistolary correspondence respecting the studies in which he was now engaged: 'I have now before me Gerard Brandt's *History of the Reformation in the Low Countries*, in four volumes. *

'I shortly intend to enter upon Burnet's *History of the Reformation in England*, in three folios, and to read Dr. Collett's *Life*, as a suitable preparation to it. I continue to spend an hour a day on Baxter, whom I admire more and more. And I spend another on Homer, which I read in the original, with Pope's translation and notes.

* *History of the Reformation, and other Ecclesiastical Transactions in and about the Low Countries, from the beginning of the eighth Century, down to the famous Synod of Dort, inclusive.* Translated from the Low Dutch. (By Chamberlayne.) 4 vols., folio; with portraits. London, 1720-3. This great work is 'a faithful, accurate and well written book.' Lord Hardwicke said that the Dutch language was worth acquiring, if it were only to enjoy the pleasure of reading this history.

I have as yet read only to the end of the eighth *Iliad*; but, as far as I can judge, this is one of the finest translations in the English language; and, what is very extraordinary, it appears to the best advantage when compared with the original. I have read both carefully so far, and written remarks as I went along; and I think I can prove, that where Pope has omitted one beauty, he has added or improved four.' *

'My retirement here is, as you will easily imagine, very delightful to me. I have a great

* Letter to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Nettleton, dated Burton, Aug. 5, 1725.

Pope's translation of Homer was, on its publication, received with excessive admiration by the lovers of classical literature. Later critics, however, do not coincide in the opinion of Doddridge and other writers of his time, with regard to the excellence of this translation.

'Elegant, pointed and musical; unfaithful to many of the most poetical passages of the original, and misrepresenting still more the natural and simple majesty of manner which the ancient poet never lost; the *Iliad* of Pope assuredly did not merit the extravagant admiration which it generally received in his own day. Yet, if we could forget Homer, we might not unreasonably be proud of it. It is an excellent poem; one of the best in the English language.'—Prof. Spalding.

William Ihne, Ph. D., of the University of Boun, in his article on Homer, in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, says: 'The English translations, by Chapman, Pope and Cowper, must be regarded as failures.'

deal of time for study, and have daily opportunities of conversing with persons of good sense, politeness and unaffected piety, both at home and abroad. You inquire into my present course of study. I have not time to give you a full account of it. Most of my time is taken up with the Scriptures, and in reading, composing and transcribing sermons. I spend some time every day in the classics, which I read with inexpressible pleasure. I am just on the point of finishing Homer's *Iliad*, with Pope's translation; which I am sure I need not recommend to you.*

'I was up at five o'clock this morning, and I have been all this while studying the connection of a short section in the Romans, and writing letters. Nay, at this very moment, Demosthenes is waiting to entertain me with one of his *Philippics*, and Virgil is bringing back Æneas to his camp, where I have long been waiting in pain for his absence. Dr. Tillotson has also prepared an admirable sermon, which he will quickly deliver in my chamber, with his usual grace and sweetness. And then Gerard Brandt will go on with his history of the persecution of the remonstrants, after their condemnation at the Synod of Dort. In the afternoon, I expect

* Letter to Mr. Hughes, dated Harborough, Jan. 27, 1726.

to hear from Pliny, who generally favors me with two or three epistles in a day.

'Dr. Potter is instructing me in Grecian antiquities; but I fear I shall hardly have time to speak with him to-day. However, I will, if possible, attend upon my tutor, Cradock,* in the evening, who is lecturing on the *Epistles* with great accuracy and solidity; besides this, I have a little kind of a sermon to preach in the family, according to my daily custom, and then four letters to transcribe into short-hand. †

'I generally spend two hours a day in the classics, one in Greek and the other in Latin. I have lately been reading some of the orations of Demosthenes, which gave me very agreeable entertainment. Virgil's *Æneid* charms me more than it ever did before. I am wonderfully taken with the ease and elegance of

*It was, perhaps, by the perusal of Cradock's *Harmony of the Four Evangelists*, and his *Apostolical History*, that the idea of planning *The Family Expositor* was suggested to Doddridge; at least, these works afforded him no little help in writing his noble exposition; for, he says: 'I think, on the whole, I never read any one author that assisted me more in what relates to the New Testament.'

The volumes of Cradock on the New Testament are now superseded by 'later and more critical works.'

†Letter to his brother-in-law, dated Harborough, June 9, 1726.

Pliny's *Epistles*, and with the description he gives of his own temper and behavior, which seems to me very amiable and instructive.' *

'You recommended Pliny to my perusal. I immediately procured him, and there is seldom a day in which I do not read two or three of his epistles. I have before heard several very high encomiums upon him, but nothing gave me so lively an idea of his excellence, as to observe the perfection to which you have arrived by studying him; for every letter of your's is a panegyric upon Pliny, though you do not mention his name.' †

'I have been reading Hall's *Contemplations on the Historical Parts of Scripture*, and find not only that they are of great use to form one to a practical way of improving what one reads, but that many circumstances of the history are illus-

* Letter to the Rev. Dr. Clarke, dated Harborough, June 11, 1726.

† Letter to Mr. Hughes, dated June 28, 1726, *midnight.*

Doddridge's own epistolary style was, we think, greatly improved by his careful study of the *Letters* of Pliny, the younger.

The best English translation of Pliny's *Letters*, is that by Wm. Melmoth — 'a translation said to equal the original, both in beauty and force.'—LOWNDES.

trated by judicious observations, which I have not before met with.' *

'I have lately been reading the three folios of Burnet's *History of the Reformation in England*, with more pleasure than I can express. He appears to be one of the most masterly writers, and always retains a sense of the dignity of his subject, and writes with a majesty worthy of it. He does not study the ornaments of style, but expresses himself with plainness and propriety, and always appears to have a most sincere regard to truth, even when it is least honorable to the character of the bright hero of his history.

'I have been reading Lucretius with much care; he is indeed, as he is commonly esteemed, a most charming poet, but a most contemptible philosopher; nor have I ever yet met with a writer whose descriptions are finer, and whose arguments were meaner. I think he was no fitter to write *De rerum Naturæ*, than a fine landscape painter would be to compose a treatise on anatomy.' †

* Letter to the Rev. Dr. Clarke, dated Harborough, June 30, 1726.

† 'But few have ventured to send into the world essentially meditative poems, which none but the thoughtful can truly enjoy. Lucretius is the only writer of antiquity who has left

'I have lately read *Howe on the Spirit.* There are many very useful observations in it. He every where breathes a most excellent temper; and I think one may see more of the man, and of his way of preaching by this, than by any other of his works which I have yet perused.' *

In the summer of 1729, Doddridge opened an academy at Market Harborough, for the education of young men designed for the ministry. He undertook this arduous post at the solicitation of the Rev. Mr. Some, Dr. Watts, and other leading ministers among the non-conformists; who looked upon him as a suitable successor to the Rev. John Jennings.

Doddridge entered on the work of a theological tutor, with a view of advancing the cause of education and of true religion, and with an earnest dependence on God for assistance and

a great work of this description; and he has unhappily lavished the boundless riches of genius on doctrines which are in direct opposition to the spirit of poetry.'—T. N. TALFOURD.

* Letter to the Rev. Dr. Clarke, dated Nov. 30, 1726.

The following are the titles of Howe's works on the Spirit: *The Office and Work of the Holy Spirit, in every Age, with reference to Particular Persons;* considered in several sermons, on John, iii, 6, and Galatians, v, 25. *The Prosperous State of the Christian Interest before the End of Time, by a Plentiful Effusion of the Holy Spirit;* considered in fifteen sermons, on Ezekiel, xxxix, 29.

success. 'Providence,' he says, 'is opening a prospect of much greater usefulness than before, though attended with vast labor and difficulty. In divine strength I go forth to the work, and resolve upon the most careful and vigorous discharge of all the duties incumbent on me, to labor for the instruction and watch for the souls of my pupils. I intend to have some discourse with them on the Lord's day evenings, on subjects of inward religion. I will endeavor to give a serious turn to our conversation at other times, and always bear them on my heart before God with great tenderness and affection. I will labor to keep such an inspection over them, as may be necessary to discover their capacities, tempers and failings, that I may behave in a suitable manner to them. In all, I will maintain an humble dependence on divine influences, to lead me in the path of duty and prudence, and enable me to behave in a way answerable to the character in which I appear, and those agreeable expectations which many of my friends have entertained of me.

'Considering the work before me, I would set myself with peculiar diligence to maintain and increase the life of religion in my own soul, and a constant sense of the divine presence and love; for I find, when this is maintained,

nothing gives me any considerable disquiet, and I have vigor and resolution of spirit to carry me through my labors. When I am conscious of the want of this, and any inconsistency of behavior towards the Divine Being, it throws a damp on my vigor and resolution; yea, on all the other pleasures of life. In order to maintain this habitual, delightful sense of God, I would frequently renew my dedication to Him, in that covenant on which all my hopes depend, and my resolutions for universal, zealous obedience. I will study redeeming love more, and habitually resign myself and all my concerns to the divine disposal. I am going to express and seal these resolutions at the Lord's table; and may this be the happy period from which shall commence better days of religion and usefulness than I have ever yet known.'

A few months after Doddridge had commenced his new labors as a tutor, he received a pressing invitation to assume the pastoral charge of a congregation at Northampton. After long and serious deliberation he accepted the call. We must now take our leave of Kibworth and Market Harborough, and follow him to the more populous town of Northampton,*

* 'Northampton, a parliamentary and municipal borough and town of England, on a slope, rising from the left bank of the

so long the scene of his useful labors, and the place where his light, as a Christian minister, shone forth in its mildest, purest and greatest lustre.

navigable Nene, here crossed by two stone bridges, on a branch canal, connecting the Nene with the Grand Junction canal, and on the Peterborough branch of the London and North Western railway, 60 miles N. W. of London. It is built of a reddish stone, obtained in the vicinity, and has four principal streets, meeting in a large open market-place, one of the finest in England.

'Among the dissenting chapels, that of the Independents on Castle Hill deserves notice, as having been, for 20 years, the scene of the labors of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, who also presided over a theological academy in the town. Population in 1851, 26,657.'—*Imperial Gazetteer.*

CHAPTER IV.

HIS PASTORATE AT NORTHAMPTON — LABORS AS TUTOR AND AUTHOR.

IN the winter of 1729, Doddridge removed to Northampton, and took charge of the 'large and flourishing congregation' assembling in the church on Castle-hill. Early in the following year he began housekeeping, and 'took possession' he says, 'of that chamber in which I hope to spend most of the remaining studious hours of my life.' On the 19th of March, 1730, after partially recovering from a dangerous illness, he was ordained at Northampton. Of this solemn occasion, he has given us the following interesting record:

'The afflicting hand of God upon me hindered me from making that preparation for the solemnities of this day, which I could otherwise have desired. However, I hope it hath long been my sincere desire to dedicate myself to Him in the work of the ministry; and that the

views with which I determined to undertake the office, and which I this day solemnly professed, have long since been seriously impressed upon my heart.

'The work of the day was fulfilled in a very honorable and agreeable manner. Mr. Goodrich, of Oundle, commenced the service by prayer and reading the Scriptures. Mr. Dawson, of Hinckley, continued those exercises; and then Mr. Watson, of Leicester, preached a suitable sermon from 1 Tim., iii, 1: "This *is* a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." After the sermon, Mr. Norris, of Welford, read the call of the church, of which I declared my acceptance. He then received my confession of faith and ordination vows, and proceeded to set me apart by prayer. Mr. Clarke, of St. Albans, gave the charge to me, and Mr. Saunders, of Kettering, the exhortation to the people. Then Mr. Mattock, of Daventry, concluded the solemnity with prayer.

'I have a cheerful hope that the God, to whom I have this day devoted my services with more solemnity than ever, will graciously accept them, either in this world or in a better; and I am not solicitous where, or how. If I know anything of my heart, I trust I may adopt the words of the apostle, that it is "my earnest expectation

and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death;" that "to me to live is Christ," and to die would be an unspeakable gain.

'May this day never be forgotten by me, nor the dear people committed to my charge, whom I would humbly recommend to the care of the great Shepherd.'

Doddridge's pastoral relation to this non-conformist church at Northampton, thus solemnly formed, continued till the time of his death — a period of nearly twenty-two years. He was very faithful and diligent in the discharge of his pastoral duties; in preaching the truth as it is in Jesus; in cathechetical instruction, especially among the young, for whose spiritual well-being he ever had the tenderest regard; in establishing and conducting social prayer meetings; in exhorting heads of families to regard religion as the grand business of life; and in visiting and instructing the poor of his congregation. And while thus watching for the souls of men 'as they that must give account,' his ministry at Northampton was crowned with great success by the chief Shepherd.

His reflections on his first sacrament day at Northampton (April 12, 1730), are very impres-

sive, showing what a deep sense he had of his own unworthiness; and how, reposing on the infinite merits of Christ, he sought to attain to a greater eminence in that holiness which is the beauty and perfection of the Christian character: 'Grace that abounds to the chief of sinners, and freely flowing from the bleeding heart of a Redeemer, will, I hope, be my refuge. At His feet would I lay myself. On His merit and righteousness would I repose my hope. To Him would I devote my life, and refer the continuance of it, and the disposal of all my concerns.'

At the beginning of the summer of 1730, while deploring the unhappy frame of his mind, at that time, respecting spiritual things, he breathes the prayer: 'Lord I am weary of such a frame. O that my heart were enlarged! O that it were melted under a sense of sin! O that it were drawn out in desires after Thee!'

His beautiful reflections on his sixth sacrament (Sept. 6, 1730), clearly show that he was earnestly desirous to live more habitually the life of faith, and that he was beginning to experience more of the sweetness of communion with God. How fervent is his language on this occasion: 'O blessed Spirit! graciously descend on my polluted heart. Strike the flint, O thou almighty arm of the Lord, that the waters may

flow forth. I come to humble myself before God; I come to renew my resolutions against sin; I come to refer my concerns to Him; I come to seal my engagements to be the Lord's, and to prosecute with greater vigor the duties of a pastor, a tutor, a student, and a friend. Lord, do Thou instruct me in them. Lord, do Thou animate me to them. O, Thou searcher of hearts, I appeal to Thee. Have I a wish so predominant in my soul as this, that I may be Thy faithful servant? Would I not ten thousand times rather be free from the corruptions of my own heart, than from all the calamities of this mortal life? Would I not rather live in the warmest exercise of holy love, in the most vigorous prosecution of Thy service, than live in a round of sensual indulgences, or in the pursuit of the most curious, speculative amusements, though I were sure that I should be ever so successful in them now, and be brought to no reckoning for them at last? My God! when Thou renewest the least taste of Thy love; when I find, though but for a few, hasty, interrupted moments, the pleasure of conversing with Thee, I say, it is good for me to be here. Here, O Lord, would I pitch my tabernacle, and rather dwell in the meanest cottage with Thee, than in the most stately palace without Thee. May I not

hope there is room, and that Thou hast not yet forsaken me? Oh, return to me in love; visit me this day at Thine house, and at Thy table, and for Thy namesake continue to lead me and to guide me. Rescue me when I am beginning to wander; awaken me when I slumber; strengthen me when I faint; and let not all my prayers, my sermons, my private exhortations, my secret and public transactions with Thee, issue at last in my aggravated ruin. Let me, if it be Thy will, be separated from all that is dearest to me here; but O my dear, my compassionate and forgiving Father, let me never, never be separated from Thee.'

In the first year of his pastorate at Northampton, Doddridge, with a view chiefly of obtaining some relaxation of study, during a vacation in his academy, made a summer excursion into Worcestershire. Here, at the house of Mrs. Owen, the widow of the celebrated divine, he became acquainted with Miss Mercy Maris, a niece of Mrs. Owen's son-in-law. On his return to Northampton, he wrote to Mrs. Owen, requesting permission to address 'the agreeable lady,' whose charms had so speedily delighted and attracted a susceptible heart; and after obtaining the consent of her friends, he forthwith commenced a correspondence. His letters to

Miss Maris, as might be supposed in one who possessed a temperament of unusual ardor, abound with the warmest sentiments. He writes with extreme pleasure of her having 'a pretty face, a fine form, and an elegant air;' of her serene temper and bright eyes; her intelligence, wisdom, generosity and goodness. Just after a communion season (Nov. 1, 1730), he writes to her in a more serious strain than usual: 'I am but just now risen from the table of the Lord, and I am sitting down to write to you. Nor does my conscience accuse me for such a transition. It would rather reproach me if I had fixed my affections upon a lady with whom I could not correspond in a strain agreeably to the solemnity of such an hour.

'I have been remembering a dying Redeemer, and I have there been remembering you, who, I can truly say, holds the next place in my heart. May it ever be only the next!

'I have been renewing the dedication of myself to God; and have been referring all the future events of my life to His care, and most particularly and expressly that dear concern with you, which is so highly important, and lies so near my heart. I persuade myself I am more likely to succeed by humbly submitting it to the all-wise and all-gracious disposal of our Hea-

venly Father; and I rejoice to think, that as you will make my own house and table more delightful to me, so you will add a new pleasure to the house and table of my God. While I am thus near Him, it rejoices my soul to think that He is giving me a companion in life, who, instead of separating me from Him, will lead me nearer to Him.'

On the 22d of December, 1730, a day which he ever considered as the happiest of his life, he was married to Miss Maris. The companionship of this lady made his home a truly bright one; and he regarded her through life as the best of his earthly blessings. Mrs. Doddridge was equally happy in her husband. 'It is pleasant,' says Dr. Hamilton, 'to read the correspondence which subsequently passed between them, showing them youthful lovers to the last.'

On one occasion Doddridge thus writes to his amiable companion: 'No place is more like a wilderness to me than my own house, when you are absent.'* More than twelve years after his marriage, while engaged in the composition of *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, he writes to Mrs. Doddridge, who was on a visit from home, in the same strain of conjugal affection: 'I cannot thank you as I would for your

* Letter dated London, July 23, 1735.

charming letter, but as soon as I read it I returned my affectionate thanks to God for it, as a blessing of great importance to the happiness of my life. So good a head, and so good a heart, are seldom united; but God has been pleased to magnify His mercy to me, and to bless me beyond the common standard of human felicity. He has undoubtedly given me one of the most excellent of her sex; and I thank Him from my heart, that if He has not given me merit enough to deserve her, He has favored me with understanding enough to discover much of her value, and a temper formed to taste the most exquisite pleasure in the possession of such a friend.

'I hope, if any memoir of my life be ever written, the world will be informed of that most happy part of my history which relates to your character and affection, and takes its date from December 22d, 1730; and it probably will, if I should have the unsupportable calamity of surviving you, from which I verily believe God will graciously deliver me.'*

In the summer of 1751, a few months before his death, while in search of health, he again writes to Mrs. Doddridge: 'If there be any consideration in the world, next to the honor of God, and the edification of the church, which

* Letter dated Northampton, Jan. 7, 1743.

could make me wish to see many future years, it is that I may enjoy your delightful friendship, and repay it by every act of gratitude and expression of tenderness.'

Mrs. Doddridge appears, indeed, to have been a very attractive, affectionate, and pious lady. The editor of Doddridge's *Correspondence and Diary* thus describes her personal appearance at the time of her marriage:

'She was rather tall, and presented that free and flowing outline which painters love to copy. Her air and general carriage had the easy self-possession, and confiding grace, which inspire respect, and bestow comfort. She dressed handsomely, but without assumption; and if she was a little too critical in that particular, the sense of formality was lost in the vivacity of her conversation, to which black eyes, raven hair, and the ardent tint which so often mantles in the cheeks of a brunette, gave a peculiar zest.'

On the occasion of his marriage, Doddridge drew up the following excellent rules, relating to his conduct as a husband: 'It shall be my daily care to keep up the spirit of piety in my conversation with my wife; to recommend her to the divine blessing; to manifest an obliging, tender disposition towards her, and particularly to avoid everything which has the appearance

of pettishness, to which, amidst my various cares and labors, I may, in some unguarded moments, be liable.'

The theological academy which he had commenced at Kibworth, Doddridge still conducted with great success at Northampton. During the twenty-two years of his tutorship, about two hundred young men passed under his care, of whom one hundred and twenty entered the ministry. Among the most distinguished of his students, who became ministers, were Risdon Darracott, Benjamin Fawcett, Job Orton, and Andrew Kippis, a brief notice of whose lives will not be inappropriate here.

Risdon Darracott, who has been distinguished as 'the star of the west,' and whom Whitefield called 'a flaming and successful preacher of the gospel,' was born in 1717. Soon after finishing his course of theological study under Dr. Doddridge, he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of a Presbyterian church at Wellington, in Somersetshire. Here he built up a large and flourishing congregation; and, like Baxter at Kidderminster, was the means of effecting a great reformation in morals and religion, in a town where, at the commencement of his pastorate, but little religion was to be found. The Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, a man of similar character,

who preached his funeral sermon, says: 'I never knew any congregation which appeared to have so many instances of abiding religious impressions. I have good reason to believe that his ministry was owned to the effectual conversion of many hundreds of souls.' When he undertook the charge of the congregation at Wellington, Mr. Darracott found the number of communicants only twenty-eight. At his death, after a ministry of eighteen years, his church was increased to about three hundred members. Mr. Darracott was a man of fervent piety, and untiring zeal in the cause of his divine Master.

In the summer of 1741, when Doddridge visited this beloved pupil, who was then but recently settled at Wellington, he writes concerning him: 'Mr. Darracott is, in all respects, a most happy man, and absolutely the most successful minister I have known among us for many years. He prayed last night in a manner which approached as nearly to inspiration as anything I have heard, or ever expect to hear.' About two years after this, Doddridge thus writes respecting the usefulness of Mr. Darracott as a preacher, and the happy frame of his mind during a dangerous illness: 'Mr. Darracott is one of the most devout and extraordinary men I ever sent out, and a person who has,

within these few years, been highly useful to numbers of his hearers. Some of these, who were once the most abandoned characters in the place, are now become serious and useful Christians; and he himself has honored his profession, when to all around him he seemed on the borders of eternity, by a behaviour which, in such awful circumstances, the best of men might wish to be their own.'

In 1759, in the forty-second year of his age, Mr. Darracott died, in the sweet and joyful hope of a blissful immortality. His death-bed was a sublime scene of Christian triumph; an illustrious instance of the power and grace of the Redeemer, in sustaining and soothing His disciples in the hour of death. The night before his death, he exclaimed: 'Oh, what a good God have I, in and through Jesus Christ! I would praise Him, but my lips cannot. Eternity will be too short to speak His praises.' To his physician he said: 'Oh, what a mercy is it to be interested in the atoning blood of Jesus! I come to the Lord as a vile sinner, trusting in the merits and precious blood of my dear Redeemer. O grace, grace, free grace!' In relating his experience of the goodness of God to him during his sickness, he said: 'If I had a thousand lives to live, I would live them all for Christ. I have cast anchor on Him, and rely on His blood, and

am going to venture my all upon Him. There is nothing on earth I desire. Here I am waiting. What a mercy to be in Jesus! I am going to that Jesus whom I love, and whom I have so often preached. Come, Lord Jesus, 'come quickly.' The last words of this holy man were: 'I am going from weeping friends to congratulating angels, and rejoicing saints in glory. He is coming. Oh, speed Thy chariot wheels; why are they so long in coming? I long to be gone!'

'O, change! O, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there — so low
In mortal prayer — and now
Beyond the stars!

O, change! Stupendous change!
Here lies the senseless clod;
The soul from bondage breaks,
The new immortal wakes —
Awakes with God!' — BOWLES.

Benjamin Fawcett was born in 1715, at Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, England. After receiving the rudiments of a religious education under the parental roof, he was placed under the care of Dr. Doddridge, at Northampton, where he made rapid progress in learning. A few years after completing his theological course, he was chosen

pastor of a large, non-conformist congregation at Kidderminster, the scene of the zealous and faithful ministry of Richard Baxter. When he first came to preach in that town, Mr. Williams, of Kidderminster, wrote to Doddridge: 'We have been blest with the presence and excellent labors of dear Mr. Fawcett. He hath our hearts, and I am certain we have his. He came hither on the 17th; preached the next day thrice; preached a preparation sermon on Tuesday, before many ministers, and last Lord's day preached thrice, and administered the Lord's supper. Such a sacramental season my soul was never feasted with before; I could most gladly have left God's lower courts, and this lower world together, and have fled up to the realms of perfect blessedness. Adored be the divine condescension and grace for what I felt most sensibly on that memorable day. Mr. Fawcett had more than seven hundred hearers, and probably will generally have as many. Our people were never so taken with any minister before. * * * There is reason to hope he will be a second Baxter among us.*

For thirty-five years Mr. Fawcett fulfilled pastoral duties at Kidderminster. He died in 1780, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Like his great

* Kidderminster, Aug. 29, 1744.

predecessor, Richard Baxter, he was a man of 'deep piety, and wide spiritual comprehension;' distinguished for his abundant labors, and his earnest desire to display the glories of the gospel of the grace of God. He is said to have preached three sermons on the Sabbath, and several through the week; while he attended faithfully to the duties of family visitation, carrying on, at the same time, an extensive correspondence with his ministerial brethren. Like his tutor, Doddridge, he diligently improved his time, rising every morning at five o'clock, in order to have more hours for study and devotion. His constitution, unlike Baxter's, was remarkably robust. As an evidence of this, it is recorded of him, that he never had a fire in his study, even in the depth of winter.

Doddridge rejoiced in being the 'honored instrument of training up such a pupil.' In recounting the mercies of God to himself, he says: 'Nor must I reckon among the smallest of my mercies, the opportunities I have had of seeing how eminently He has blessed the labors of good Mr. Fawcett, and with what abundant anointing of the Holy Spirit, God has been pleased to honor him; in consequence of which I can truly say, I should think all my labors, as a tutor, well repaid, to have been instrumental

in raising up but one such person to the service of the sanctuary.'

Mr. Fawcett published some *Sermons;* a treatise on *Religious Melancholy;* abridgments of Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted, Converse with God in Solitude,* and *Saint's Rest;* the work of abridging which, he says, 'has been, I bless God, one of the most delightful labors of my life.'

Job Orton was born on the 4th of September, 1717, at Shrewsbury, England. He received the rudiments of his education in the grammar school of his native place. In the summer of 1734, he commenced his studies at Northampton, under the care of Dr. Doddridge, in whose academy he was subsequently chosen assistant. In 1741, he assumed the pastoral charge of a non-conformist congregation at Shrewsbury, where he continued to labor till 1765, when declining health compelled him to relinquish preaching. In 1766, he published the *Life* of his beloved tutor and friend, Dr. Doddridge; a work which has been greatly valued.* The last seventeen years of

* 'The *Life of Doddridge,* by Orton, is one of my choicest biographical works. There the character of Doddridge stands out boldly and powerfully. We see what he was; and he was a fine, lovely creature indeed. Stoughton's *Memorial of Doddridge* is very beautiful, but I like the *old* book, after all. I wish we had more of the *spirit* of Doddridge among us.'—Rev. William Jay, *in conversation.*

his life were passed at Kidderminster, where he attended the preaching of the excellent Mr. Fawcett. Here he expired, on the 19th of July, 1783, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Besides his *Memoirs of the Life, Character and Writings of Doddridge*, Mr. Orton gave to the world *Discourses to the Aged; Religious Exercises Recommended; Three Discourses on Eternity;* two volumes of *Discourses on Practical Subjects; Sacramental Meditations; Paraphrase of the Old Testament, with devotional and practical reflections;* and *Letters to a Young Clergyman.*

Mr. Orton was not only a very serious and judicious practical writer, but an earnest, solid, and effective preacher. On one occasion (Dec. 2, 1739), Doddridge thus speaks of hearing him deliver a discourse: 'This day I heard dear Mr. Orton preach one of the best sermons that ever was preached, of the service of Christ, with unutterable pleasure. Blessed be God who has given him such gifts and graces! My sermon was a very poor thing in comparison to it. But I speak in the sincerity of my heart, and in the sincerity of my heart have praised the God of all grace, that the disciple was so much above his master. May the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit be multiplied ten thousand fold upon

him, and may thousands yet unborn have reason to call him blessed!'

The most learned of Doddridge's students was Andrew Kippis, the accomplished editor of the *Biographia Britannica*, who was born on the 28th of March, 1725, at Nottingham, England. At the age of sixteen, with a view of entering the ministry, he commenced his studies in the academy at Northampton, under the direction of Dr. Doddridge. In this institution he continued five years, applying himself with great assiduity to his various studies. On completing his academical studies at Northampton, he was chosen pastor of a non-conformist congregation at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1746. Four years afterwards he succeeded the Rev. John Mason* in a pastoral charge at Dorking, in Surry. In 1753, he became pastor of a church in Westminster, where for many years he continued his professional and literary pursuits. He died on the 8th of October, 1795, in the seventy-first year of his age. Dr. Kippis possessed a vigorous intellect, a masculine understanding, and a tenacious

* Mr. Mason is well known as the author of *A Treatise on Self-Knowledge;* London, 1745. First edition, revised and corrected, with a life of the author, by John Mason Good; London, 1811, 12mo.

'This excellent work has gone through numerous editions and several translations.'— LOWNDES.

memory. His reading and literary acquirements were very extensive. Alexander Chalmers, in his *Biographical Dictionary*, says: 'Perhaps few persons ever read so much, and with such advantage to themselves and others, as Dr. Kippis. He informed the present writer, that he once read, for three years, at the rate of sixteen hours a day; and one of the works which he read entirely through was the *General Dictionary*, in ten volumes, folio. This, he added, laid the foundation of his taste and skill in biographical composition.'

Dr. Kippis was the founder of the *New Annual Register;* and the editor of the new edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, 'an exceedingly valuable work,' which contains 'a mine of knowledge that is invaluable to the lover of literature.' He is also the author of a *History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste in Great Britain; Account of the Life and Voyages of Capt. Cook; The Life of Nathaniel Lardner, D. D.*, prefixed to the complete edition of that author's works;* and *Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Doddridge*, prefixed to an edition of *The Family Expositor*. In the conclusion of the life of his beloved tutor and friend, Dr. Doddridge, he

* This piece of biography is composed with great judgment, and contains much valuable information.—Walter Wilson.

says: 'The impression of his numerous and amiable virtues will not be effaced from my mind so long as it retains any sense of feeling or reflection. So far will be the impression from being lost upon me, that I shall always cherish it with the utmost ardor; and I shall esteem it as no small felicity of my life, that I have been preserved to give this testimony of duty, gratitude, and affection to the memory of my benefactor, my tutor, my friend, and my father.'*

Among Doddridge's students were also the Rev. Hugh Farmer, D. D., a dissenting divine of great learning, author of *A Dissertation on Miracles; Essay on the Demoniacs of the New Testament;* and other ingenious and learned works; and the Rev. John Aikin, D. D., who married Miss Jennings, a daughter of the Rev. John Jennings, D. D., and the young lady to whom Doddridge himself was once so strongly attached.†

* For biographical notices of Andrew Kippis, see Wilson's *History of Dissenting Churches;* Chalmer's *Biographical Dictionary*, and Dr. Rees's *Funeral Sermon.*

† Mrs. Aikin was the mother of the learned John Aikin, M. D., author of the *General Biography*, in ten quarto volumes; and of Mrs. Barbauld, one of the most distinguished female writers of England. Lucy Aikin, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Aikin, is widely and favorably known as the authoress of the *Life of Addison; Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, and other works.

Doddridge was an able and faithful instructor; and by his efficient management, his theological seminary became very flourishing. His course of lectures in the academy embraced a wide range; comprising the ancient classics, French, English literature, geography, moral and natural philosophy, rhetoric, logic, geometry, algebra, trigonometry, conic sections, history, Jewish antiquities, Hebrew, theology, preaching, and the pastoral care. He manifested a great concern for the intellectual, moral, and religious attainments of his students. Besides his daily instructions and counsels to them, he allowed them access to his choice private library, giving them, at the same time, suitable directions respecting the books they should read. It was his earnest desire that his students, on leaving his academy, should not only exhibit a high degree of intellectual culture, but also that fervent piety and active benevolence, which would constrain them to consecrate their lives to the service and glory of God. 'It is my heart's desire, and prayer to God,' says he, 'that no one may go out from me without an understanding enlightened from above, a heart sanctified by divine grace, quickened and warmed with love to Jesus, and tenderly concerned for the salva-

tion of perishing souls. What are all our studies and pursuits to this?'

In the discharge of his various duties as a minister, a theological professor, and an author, Doddridge placed a firm reliance on divine strength for direction, assistance, and success. When about to undertake any important work, his practice was to resort to prayer. His language is: 'I will keep up a lively intercourse with God by prayer, and humbly seek His assistance to carry me pleasantly through this business.' Under the influence of a holy dependence on God, he breathes the following beautiful prayer: 'O God, I would humbly thank Thee for that most favorable and indulgent interposition of providence, which has fixed me in the employments of a student and a minister. As I would devote all my studies to Thee, I beg Thou wilt direct and assist me in them. Do Thou, O God, give me a solid judgment, and a comprehensive understanding; a lively imagination, and a tenacious memory. Whether I read Thy Word, or examine, the records of former ages, of study the writings of the moderns, for my edification in practical religion, or for my improvement in human literature, may I plainly perceive that Thou art with me by the prosperous success of all my undertakings. Par-

ticularly grant, if it be Thy blessed will, that the three great engagements of a preacher, an expositor, and a tutor, which I have in prospect for the remainder of my life, may be all considerably advanced by the studies of this day; that glory may redound to Thee, and benefit to the world, as well as entertainment to my own mind by what I am now about to engage in, through Jesus Christ, Amen.'

After his removal to Northampton, Doddridge seems to have continued his own private studies, especially in the department of sacred literature, with even greater diligence, and a higher relish for the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity. Some of the devotional and practical books which now more particularly engaged his attention, and which were among his favorite works, were the *Life of Philip Henry*, by his son Matthew, the commentator;* Howe's *Discourses on Carnality of Religious Contention;* on *Union among Protestants; Funeral Sermons;* and some of his other discourses; Baxter on *Making Light of*

* 'I think I have gained as much benefit from his Life of his incomparable father, as from any of his compositions. It is one of my classics. It is one of the most *precious pieces* of biography with which I am acquainted. A young minister should have *this* book ever near him.'— Rev. William Jay, *in conversation*

Christ; on *The Life of Faith;* on *Repentance;* on *Death;* on *Judgment;* on *Right Rejoicing;* and the rest of his practical works, besides a review of his *Reformed Pastor;* Dr. Bates's works, especially his *Miscellaneous* and *Funeral Sermons;* Dr. Tillotson's *Sermons on the Miracles wrought in confirmation of Christianity;* and on *The Advantages of Truth in opposition to Error;* some of Bishop Patrick's devotional works; Burnet's *Pastoral Care;* and Dr. Owen on *The Mortification of Sin in Believers;* on *The Holy Spirit;* on *The Work of the Holy Spirit in Prayer;* and on *Apostacy;* besides some of the other elaborate treatises of this great divine.

During his long residence at Northampton, Doddridge made frequent visits to London, Gloucester, Norwich, St. Albans, Worcester, Weston Favel, Shrewsbury, Wellington, and other places, where he enjoyed the hospitality of distinguished men, and sometimes delivered interesting and impressive discourses. It is with pleasure that we follow him in these agreeable excursions, some of which he has well described in his letters. At one time we find him at Theobalds, the delightful residence of Sir Thomas Abney, where he is 'obliged to dine with Lady Abney and Dr. Watts.'* At another

* July 20, 1731.

time, 'after a great many visits made in London,' we hear of him preaching 'before Dr. Watts and five or six other ministers.'* On another occasion he is at Newington, where he has been 'much taken up in viewing curiosities; besides Sir Hans Sloane's collection,'† he says, 'I have seen Hogarth's celebrated pictures.' During the same visit he receives 'overtures from Salters' Hall, tending to a settlement there; so that,' he merrily writes to his wife, 'if you desire to be a London lady, you must let me know in time!'‡ Several days after this, he is again in the great metropolis, calling on Mr. Calamy, 'who is finely recovered.' There he

* July 6, 1734.

† Sir Hans Sloane, Bart., one of the founders of the British Museum, was a celebrated botanist and physician. He was born in Ireland, in 1660, and died in 1752. He was president of the college of physicians, and physician to George II. On the death of Sir Isaac Newton, he was chosen president of the Royal Society. He collected a great number of plants, and other objects belonging to natural history. These, together with his valuable private library, containing about fifty thousand volumes and manuscripts, he bequeathed to the British nation, on the condition that they would pay to his family the sum of £20,000 sterling. His proposal was accepted by parliament; and with this immense collection, and the splendid libraries of Robert Harley and Sir Robert Cotton, was laid the foundation of the British Museum.

‡ July 12, 1735.

saw Savage, the celebrated poet, who 'had lately been writing the *Progress of a Divine*, in imitation of Hogarth's *Progress of a Rake;* it is a desperate satire on the clergy.'* Again, we see him rambling in the open country, in the genial month of May, to enjoy relaxation of mind from his severe studies, and to hold communion with the works of creation. He writes, on this occasion, with considerable pleasantry as well as beauty of sentiment, from the Lodge in Whittlebury forest to the Rev. Dr. Clarke: 'My wife and I eloped yesterday, at the request of a very agreeable and excellent lady, who is sister-in-law to Colonel Whitworth, and are arrived at a most elegant rural retreat, where in such company, especially if yours were added, I could delightfully spend more days than my engagements at home will allow me hours. The house is a pretty, well-furnished box, just in the centre of a fine forest; and all that shady lawns, and woodland ridings can do to beautify and adorn it, is done. The birds and sportive deer come and pay their attendance as if it were their very business to divert us. I am delighted to see

* Richard Savage was born in 1698; and died, a prisoner for debt, in 1743, at the age of forty-five. For an impressive biographical narrative of this unfortunate man, the reader is referred to Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.*

how happily they all live, and have already contracted a kind of friendship for them, which makes me wish the lodge were nearer home, that I might now and then steal out, and leave all my cares behind me, to come and wander a few hours in these lovely solitudes.

'Many occasions have called me out of late; and the fine country around us affords such a variety of entertaining scenes, that I cannot forbear pitying nobles and princes, who are confined to a town in such a charming season, and think the shepherd and the husbandman happier than they. In the meantime I open my heart as widely as I can, to take in the innocent pleasure which arises from a friendly sympathy, not only with the lowest of my fellow creatures, but even with the brutes themselves, in the ample provision that an indulgent Providence has made for their delight; and I cannot but often reflect, on such occasions, that if this earth, the seat of a degenerate race of creatures, and under so many tokens of the divine displeasure, be thus enriched and embellished, what must those regions be which God has prepared for the final abode of His dear children in their perfected state!'*

*May 8, 1737.

'If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!'—J. MONTGOMERY.

The next year after writing thus pleasantly from the forest of Whittlebury, we follow Doddridge to Kensington, in the vicinity of London, where he had 'the great satisfaction to find good Mrs. Godwin, whose life was almost despaired of, most charmingly recovered.' 'We took a walk together,' he adds, in writing to his wife, 'of at least a mile, and saw, I need not tell you with what emotion, a house in which the blessed Queen Mary and good Mr. Addison lived. It is one of the most romantic and antique I anywhere remember.'* The next week he is in London, where 'Lady Abney and Dr. Watts were staying for him.' He then goes 'in her ladyship's coach to Newington,' and is there received 'in the most obliging manner imaginable.' Returning to London on horseback in the evening, he calls, the following morning, on Mr. Scawen, by whom he is received 'in the most obliging manner one can conceive.' 'He

* February 3, 1738.

The Holland house, in which Addison resided during the last days of his life, is a fine old mansion 'full of historic associations. It takes its name from Henry Rich, Earl of Holland. It was built by his father-in-law, Sir Walter Cope, in 1607, and affords a very good specimen of the architecture of that period.'

The early days of Charles James Fox, the celebrated orator and statesman, were also passed in this venerable mansion.

afterwards took me with him in his chariot, to see a mathematical curiosity; and from thence to the parliament house, and all the way conversed with me in as friendly a manner as you can imagine.'*

Now we see him on a visit to Stratford upon Avon, standing with deep emotion, by the tomb of SHAKESPEARE. 'I had on Saturday,' he writes, 'the pleasure of seeing Shakespeare's tomb and epitaph.'† Just a year after this we travel with him to the city of Norwich, for some time the scene of the labors of the devout Bishop Hall, where we find him setting out at five o'clock in the morning, with Mr. Wilkinson and Miss Scott, in a chaise, to visit the residences of Lord Townsend and Sir Robert Walpole. 'We had,' he writes to his wife, 'a very pleasant journey, first to Lord Townsend's, which we saw with no great admiration, and then to the seat of the Earl of Orford (once, you know, the celebrated Sir Robert), which we viewed with inexpressible pleasure. Such paintings and furniture, on the whole, I never saw; the elegance and magnificence of everything about us was such, as not only excited delight but amazement. And you may suppose I was not a little surprised to re-

* February 9, 1738.

† July 12, 1743.

ceive a message from his lordship, with his compliments to me and Mr. Fergusson,* and a very obliging invitation for us to take up our quarters with him. It was late in the evening, but I thought it incumbent on me to wait on his lordship, who received me with great civility, amidst a circle of the nobility and gentry.'†

Several years after this we follow him on another pleasant journey to London, and find him paying a visit to his scholarly friend, Gilbert West, author of *Observations on the History and Evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ;* in whose beautiful gardens at Wickham, on a summer day, a religious and philosophical conversation is carried on between them. On this occasion, he writes to his beloved partner in life: 'I found Mr. West as hospitable as I could wish. He came to meet me at Croydon on Monday, carried me to Wickham in his chariot, and sent me to London in it to-day. We spent almost the whole intermediate time in religious and philosophical discourse, chiefly in one or another of the elegant retreats in his garden, and the result is, that our hearts are very much twisted together, and we were truly sorry to part. I

* The doctor's pupil, who accompanied him in this little tour of pleasure.'— *Editor of Doddridge's Correspondence.*

† July 11, 1744.

should be very much inclined, if my time would permit, to give you a description of Mr. West's gardens, which are extremely pretty, but that I must defer till I have the much wished-for pleasure of seeing you.'* Thus pleasantly did Doddridge, in his excursions from Northampton, spend some of the soft, sunny days of spring and summer.

The useful and brilliant career of Doddridge, as an author, began in 1730, when he gave to the world his *Free Thoughts on the Best Means of Reviving the Dissenting Interest*, in reply to *An Inquiry into the Causes of the Decay of the Dissenting Interest*. In 1732, he published his *Sermons on the Education of Children*, which are highly valued for the profitable and judicious instruction they impart. They deserve the careful attention of every parent, or person to whom is intrusted the education of youth. The style in which they are written is simple, perspicuous, and easy.

In 1735, appeared his admirable and popular *Sermons to Young People;*† of which Warburton,

* July 27, 1749.

† The late Rev. William Jay, of Bath, esteemed Doddridge's *Sermons to Young Persons*, and those on the *Power and Grace of Christ*, as some of the most beautiful in our language. And it is affirmed that the celebrated Robert Hall urgently recom-

in a letter to Doddridge, writes: 'Your *Sermons to Young People*, were extremely agreeable to me on many accounts. I have a favorite nephew, to whose use I particularly design them. It is my way, after I read a book, to give the general character of it in some celebrated lines or other of ancient or modern writers. I have characterized the author and his sermons, in these two lines, written on the blank leaf before the title-page:

O friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To mend the heart, and raise the thoughts, be thine.'*

In 1736, Doddridge gave to the public his *Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ, and on the Evidences of his Glorious Gospel*, which contain a beautiful and touching exhibition of the grand scheme of redeeming love, and an incontrovertible argument for the divine origin of Christianity.

mended the sermon to young people, entitled *Christ formed in the Soul, the only Foundation of Hope for Eternity;* and that, so high was his opinion of this discourse, he once actually delivered it publicly from memory, on a Sabbath afternoon. The same eloquent divine highly commended Doddridge's *Evidences of Christianity*, which he considered a better book in some respects than Paley's.

* 'Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart, be thine.'
POPE'S *Moral Essays.*

On receiving a presentation copy of these sermons from Doddridge, Warburton* wrote to him: 'I have received the very valuable present of your *Ten Sermons*, which I have read with much pleasure and improvement; they are excellent.'

* William Warburton was born in 1698. In early life he devoted himself to the study of the law. He soon relinquished his profession, after he had commenced practice at Newark, and turned his attention to theology. He subsequently rose to great distinction in the church, and in 1759 was appointed bishop of Gloucester. The first volume of his great work, *The Divine Legation of Moses*, was published in 1738. He died at Gloucester in 1779, in the eighty-first year of his age.

With all his vanity, insolence, and dogmatism as a writer, bishop Warburton was a man of great learning; of a tender, affectionate nature, and remarkable benevolence; very zealous in his efforts to promote the cause of Christianity.

Dr. Johnson gives the following estimate of the literary character of this eminent prelate: 'About this time (1738), Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties; a mind fervent and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry; with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination nor clouded his perspicuity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit.'

A remarkably warm friendship existed between Warburton and Doddridge; and it is interesting to read their correspondence, which was carried on for many years.

These sermons are indeed highly valuable, and deserve a careful perusal. With regard to them, Doddridge observes: 'These sermons were preached at the desire of that munificent benefactor to the cause of non-conformity, William Coward, Esq.; and the last three were so agreeable to Dr. Secker, then bishop of Oxford, that he expressed his desire to me, that they might be published alone, for the use of junior students, whose office calls them to defend Christianity; and perhaps I have not written anything with greater accuracy, or which will be found more adapted to the use of junior students in theology.'*

In 1736, the university of Aberdeen conferred upon Doddridge the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity; on which occasion he received the united congratulations of his pupils. Grateful for their expressions of regard, he assured them that their learning, piety, and zeal would be more to his honor, and afford him a thousand times more pleasure than his degree, or any other token of public esteem.

During the same year we find Doddridge, in a letter to his esteemed friend, and former

* Doddridge's *Evidences of Christianity* has been very highly valued by many eminent critics; and has long been used as a text-book in St. John's College, Cambridge.

patron, the Rev. Dr. Clarke, thus disclosing his plan of writing his principal work, *The Family Expositor:* 'The proposed work, at which I hinted when I wrote last, I intend to call *The Family Expositor*. I have taken the New Testament in the original, according to the most authentic readings, so far as I could determine them, and translated it as accurately and handsomely as I could. With this version I interweave a large paraphrase, distinguishing the text by a different character, and adding references, at the foot of the page, to the most considerable writers who defend or dispute the sense I have given. I divide it into lessons, of a moderate length, and add a practical improvement of each. I propose publishing it in octavo; the Harmony of the Evangelists, and perhaps the Acts, will make the first two volumes. I have made some progress in it, and collected large materials for the whole.'*

Of the progress he makes in this great and favorite undertaking, he subsequently writes to Dr. Clarke: 'My *Family Expositor* goes on almost every day; and I press on the faster in it, that I may leave the portion on the evangelists complete, if, as I have great reason to ex-

* Letter dated Nov. 10, 1736.

pect, God should call me speedily away.'* Eight years afterwards he writes to the same divine: 'I must not conclude, sir, without telling you that yesterday I finished the third volume of my *Family Expositor*, the notes excepted. I thought that the most important work I had in suspense, and bless God that He has conducted me to the end of it.' On the 2d of January, 1747, he says: 'I yesterday begun the fourth volume of my *Expositor*, and I fully purpose, by the divine assistance, to write something upon it every day when I am at home, and generally a few verses when abroad, while God is pleased to spare my health, so as to be capable to take pen in hand; and this scheme I purpose to pursue till the whole is finished.'

At the close of the manuscript volume containing the Revelation, he made the following memorandum: 'Through the good hand of God upon me, which I desire most thankfully to acknowledge, I ended the first copy of the *Family Expositor* Dec. 31, 1748, exactly two years after I began to write upon the Romans; having pursued it during that time without the interruption of one single day; such health and such resolution did it please God to give me, amid the various scenes of business, danger, and

* Letter dated Northampton, Jan. 1, 1737.

amusement, through which I passed. May His grace raise to Himself a monument of praise from this feeble effort to explain, illustrate, and enforce His Word.'*

With what thankfulness to God does he record a remarkable preservation of the manuscript of the concluding volume of *The Family Expositor* from a fire which broke out in his study in the summer of 1750. As he was about to set out on a journey to Lady Huntingdon, he writes: 'A terrible accident happened in my study, which might have been attended with fatal consequences. I had been sealing a letter with a little roll of wax, and I thought I had blown it out, when fanned by the motion of the air, as I arose in haste, it was rekindled. It burned about a quarter of an hour, while we were at prayer, and would have gone on to con-

* Doddridge seems to have carried on the composition of *The Family Expositor* with a love of literary labor similar to that which excited the mind of the pious Bishop Horne, when writing his excellent *Commentary on the Psalms*. The bishop has beautifully recorded his own literary feelings while thus deeply occupied in the silence of his study: 'He arose fresh in the morning to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every part improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last, for then he grieved that his work was done.'

sume perhaps the closet and the house, had not my opposite neighbor seen the flame and given an alarm. When I came up, I found my desk, which was covered with papers, burning like an altar. Many letters, papers of memorandums, and schemes for sermons, were consumed. My book of accounts was on fire, and the names at the top almost burnt through; a volume of *The Family Expositor*, the original manuscripts from Corinthians to Ephesians, surrounded with flames, and drenched in melted wax. The fire had kindled up around it, and burned off some leaves, and the corners of the other books, so that there is not one leaf entire; and yet, so did God moderate the rage of this element, and determine in His providence the time of our entrance, that not one account is rendered uncertain by what it suffered, nor is one line which had not been transcribed, destroyed in the manuscript. I have to add that all my sermons and manuscripts intended for the press, and among the rest, the remainder of the *Family Expositor*, were all in such danger, that the fire, in another quarter of an hour, had probably consumed them. Observe, my dear friend, the hand of God, and magnify the Lord with me.'*

* Letter to the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, dated June 26, 1750.

The next publication of Doddridge, in chronological order, was a sermon, occasioned by the death of his eldest daughter, an engaging and promising child, in her fifth year. This child, which her fond father called the 'delight of his eyes,' and 'one of the most amiable creatures of her age he ever beheld,' was taken ill in the summer of 1736, and in the autumn of the same year her sparkling eyes were closed in death. This was a very severe stroke on Doddridge; but piercing as was his grief, he sorrowed not 'as others which have no hope.' In the midst of his domestic afflictions he could say: 'I know my God can support me, and I would leave my all with Him.' His faith would, moreover, enable him to look from the grave to the mansions of glory, to see his dear child happy in the presence of its Saviour — transplanted to the celestial paradise, there to bloom in immortal youth, beauty, and vigor. And then, the hope of soon meeting her again, on the heavenly shore, would be a cordial to his fainting, drooping heart. Such thoughts should ever soothe and cheer Christian parents, whenever, in the afflictive providence of God, they are called to consign their tender, lovely offspring, to the silent tomb. How touchingly and beautifully has one of the most celebrated living poets of

our own country expressed the feelings with which Christian parents should contemplate the departure of a dear child!

She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.— LONGFELLOW.

The sermon which Doddridge preached on the death of his child is entitled *Submission to Divine Providence in the Death of Children;* and is founded on 2 Kings, iv, 25, 26: 'And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunamite. Run now, I pray thee, to meet her; and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.' The discourse is said to have been written in part, upon the coffin which inclosed her remains. And Doddridge tells us that he preached it 'in the

bitterness of his heart,' and 'while that too dear a part of himself lay dead in the house.' To bereaved Christian parents it is admirably adapted to afford the strongest consolation; and among sermons of a similar nature there can scarcely be found one more exquisitely tender and pathetic.* Dr. Kippis observes that few superior instances of pathetic eloquence are to be met with in the English language; and a late writer styles it 'an incomparable sermon.'

In 1739, Doddridge gave to the world the first volume of his most elaborate production, *The Family Expositor*, which was received with the warmest approbation. It appeared with a dedication to the princess of Wales, which, in the opinion of Dr. Kippis, affords one of the finest specimens that its author has given of his talents in elegant composition. The second and third volumes of this great work were issued at intervals of about two years, and the last three, subsequently to the author's death.† This work,

* To this discourse Doddridge himself thus refers: 'This, of all my single sermons, is my favorite work; and I bless God that I have heard of many mourning parents, who have found consolation from what was so useful to the author.'

† When Warburton had read the second volume of *The Family Expositor*, he wrote to Doddridge: 'The greatest thing I can say of it is that it is equal to the first; and the truest thing I can say of both, that they surpass anything of the kind.'

the result of great labor, long preparation, and profound study, is a noble and enduring monument of Doddridge's learning, piety and ability. In the critical and interpretive departments of sacred literature, it has long occupied a distinguished place; and as a devotional and practical exposition, is, perhaps, unrivaled. It is, at present, more highly valued on account of its truly devotional and practical character than for its biblical criticism,— a science which has made great advances since the time of Doddridge.

Glowing encomiums have been bestowed upon the *Family Expositor* by such eminent theologians and critics as Dr. Adam Clarke, William Orme, Dr. Dibdin, and Thomas Hartwell Horne. 'The *Family Expositor* should find a place upon the shelf and upon the table of every mansion where the moral duties of a Christian are enjoined.'* 'It is admirably adapted to the object which the author had chiefly in view; and no book can be read in a Christian family with more advantage.'† 'I know of no expositor

'This is, without doubt, the most considerable work of my life; it was projected more than twenty years ago, and I have been almost continually at work upon it, in one form or another, ever since.'—DODDRIDGE, *in a letter dated* 1749.

* DR. DIBDIN.

† ORME.

who unites so many advantages, whether you regard the fidelity of his version, the fullness and perspicuity of his composition, the utility of his general and historical information, the impartiality of his doctrinal comments, or lastly, the piety and pastoral earnestness of his moral and religious applications.'* 'The principal charm of this valuable performance, consists in its truly devotional character. The "Improvements" appended to each section, are written with a chaste simplicity, and sometimes an elegance of style, which render them grateful to the most refined and cultivated understanding, and at the same time with an evangelical unction, that cannot fail to endear them to the pious and devout.'†

In 1741, Doddridge published his two excellent sermons on the *Scripture Doctrine of Salvation by Grace*, and his well known *Practical Discourses*

* Barrington, bishop of Durham.

† Rev. T. Morell.

'His *Expositor* I have diligently and regularly consulted. It is the work of an accomplished, laborious, and devout student of the New Testament. His "Practical Reflections" are the gems of the work. I consult Guyse and Orton with frequency and benefit, but not with the pleasure and advantage, generally, that I examine Doddridge. I love Doddridge, because he is so affectionate and devout.'—Rev. William Jay, *in conversation.*

on Regeneration, which were originally delivered from the pulpit on successive Sabbath evenings, with happy effect in many instances. Since their publication they have often been instrumental in promoting the blessed change which they so admirably describe. The eminent John Foster, in his last hours, was so impressed with the twenty-sixth sermon, on 'The Incapacity of an unregenerate Soul for relishing the enjoyment of the Heavenly World,' that he desired his daughters to promise him to read it every month, stating that he thought no one could read it often without a salutary effect.

The Evil and Danger of Neglecting Men's Souls, is the title of a single discourse, preached by Doddridge at Northampton, at a meeting of clergymen, on the 15th of October, 1741, and published the succeeding February. The following reference to this sermon and the occasion on which it was delivered, by one who was present, will be read with interest: 'He entertained us with an excellent discourse, from 2 Peter, v, 6. It was a remarkable day indeed, when the presence of God filled our assembly; and not myself only, but many others, have with pleasure owned it was one of the best days of our lives. Though the season was hot, the auditory very much crowded, and between four

and five hours spent in the public worship, none thought the hours tedious, or wished for a dismission.*

In his sermon on this occasion, Doddridge displays his tender concern for the souls of men and their everlasting welfare. The discourse is well calculated to excite ministers to a more earnest, pressing, and solemn declaration of their all-important and glorious message; and may be strongly commended to the serious attention of all those whose noblest ambition is *to save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.* Written in an appropriate, dignified, and pathetic style, it is one of Doddridge's best sermons; and among the most useful, of its kind, in our language.

'I take the first opportunity,' writes the Rev. Hugh Farmer to Doddridge, 'of acknowledging my obligation to you for the favor of your sermon; which I cannot but greatly value, both as a testimony of your kind regard, and as a wise and seasonable admonition. It is impossible not to be impressed with your affecting representation of the evil and danger of neglecting the souls of men. When I seriously consider how important, how difficult and dangerous a trust is lodged in the ministers of the gospel, to whom

* Richard Frost's *Funeral Sermon on Dr. Doddridge.*

the care of immortal souls is committed, I wonder that it is possible for us to think of anything but how to execute that trust with the greatest faithfulness and diligence. It is strange that we do not rather want cautions against too great a solicitude in our work, which might very much distract our thoughts and impair our health, than pressing exhortations and the most solemn admonitions not to be slothful or negligent in a concern which, when we think of it at all, must swallow up every other thought.'*

The untiring pen of Doddridge produced, in 1742, a beautiful and interesting sketch of the *Life and Character of the Rev. Thomas Steffe*, a young minister of exemplary devotedness, formerly a student in the theological academy at Northampton.

In 1743, Doddridge appeared as a champion of the Christian faith, in his *Letters*, in answer to a deistical book entitled *Christianity not founded*

* Bishop Burnet, in an address to clergymen, in the admirable conclusion of the *History of his own Time*, has this stirring and solemn remark: 'Think of the account you must give for those immortal souls committed to your care, which were redeemed by the blood of Christ, who has sent you in His name to persuade them to be reconciled to God, and at last to present them to Him faultless, with exceeding joy. He sees and observes your labors, and will recompense them gloriously in that great day.'

on Argument. These *Letters* have reflected the brightest honor on his acuteness and skill in argument, and justly merit the applause they have so often received; for 'rarely has a controversial work appeared of equal ability. Precision, order, clearness, continuity, force, all on the same high level, distinguish this masterly production from beginning to end; and well would it repay careful perusal, now that the infidel controversy is being revived in a similar form, and under the same specious but intolerably false pretences.'

Among the valued friends and correspondents of Doddridge, at this period, was Thomas Secker, an eminent and pious prelate.* About the time

* Thomas Secker was born in 1693. He was educated for the ministry among the dissenters, but subsequently united with the Episcopalians. He was consecrated bishop of Bristol in 1735; translated to Oxford in 1737; and promoted to the Archbishopric of Canterbury in 1758. He died in 1768, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Archbishop Secker was one of the most popular preachers of his age. Says Hervey, 'When SECKER preaches, or when MURRAY pleads, the church is crowded and the bar is thronged.' He was an able advocate of Christianity, and deeply interested in the promotion of vital religion. 'I am much pleased that Bishop Secker is so much concerned for the interest of religion,' writes the Rev. John Barker to Doddridge, in 1743. Secker is the author of some excellent sermons which furnish

of the publication of Doddridge's *Letters* against infidelity, he wrote to him, expressing the high regard which he had for his books, and his labors in the cause of Christianity. 'I have read your works,' he says, 'with great satisfaction, and, I hope, some benefit; and both rejoice and wonder that in the midst of your other occupations you continue able, as I pray God you long may, to oblige your fellow Christians so often and so highly from the press. Indeed, it must and ought to be owned, in general, that the dissenters have done excellently of late years in the service of Christianity; and I hope our common warfare will make us chiefly attentive to our common interest, and unite us in a closer alliance.'

In 1745, the most widely circulated of all Dr. Doddridge's publications was issued from the press, '*The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul;*' a work which, if he had written no other, would have been amply sufficient to embalm the memory of its pious author, and transmit his name with distinguished honor, to far distant generations.' Dr. Watts had the honor of drawing the plan of this work, but, unable to execute it himself, on account of his 'growing infirmi-

many 'noble specimens of practical preaching to intelligent congregations.' His works were reprinted in 6 vols., 8vo., London, 1811.

ties,' he earnestly and repeatedly requested Doddridge to undertake the performance, regarding him as the best fitted of all his acquaintances to perform the task in the most acceptable and useful manner. His solicitations were pressed with such affectionate address that Doddridge could not resist them, and accordingly undertook the work. When the inestimable treatise was finished, Dr. Watts revised as much of it as his failing health would admit. In one of his letters to Doddridge, we find this venerable poet and divine thus expressing himself: 'I long to have your *Rise and Progress of Religion* appear in the world. I wish my health had been so far established that I could have read over every line with the attention it merits; but I am not ashamed, by what I have read, to recommend it as the best treatise on practical religion which is to be found in our language, and I pray God that it may be extensively beneficial.'* Written with beautiful simplicity, and full of exquisitely tender and pathetic passages, no book is, perhaps, more calculated to awaken religious impressions in the most thoughtless. The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, in *The North British Review*, acknowledges that 'it is the best book of the

* Letter dated Newington, Sept. 13, 1744.

eighteenth century; and, tried by the test of usefulness, we doubt if its equal has since appeared. Rendered into the leading languages of Europe, it has been read by few without impression, and in the case of vast numbers that impression has been enduring.'* Who can tell the number of conversions this book has already been instrumental in effecting? Not till the judgment day will it be known how many weary pilgrims it has been the means of conducting to the haven of eternal rest.†

The happy effect of the *Rise and Progress* on the mind of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, the Christian

* Every reader and admirer of Doddridge should not fail to peruse John Foster's *Introductory Essay to the Rise and Progress.* It is one of the most magnificent pieces ever written by that profound, original author. Of Foster's writings, Robert Hall has well remarked: 'They are like a great lumber wagon loaded with gold.'

† 'I wrote *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,* on a plan, in part suggested by Dr. Watts, and also dedicated it to that justly celebrated man, and most amiable and constant friend. This is the book which, so far as I can judge, God has honored for the conversion and edification of souls, more than any of my writings. The editions and translations of it have been multiplied far beyond my hope and expectation, and I cannot mention it without humbly owning that great hand of God which has been with it, and to which I desire with unaffected abasement of mind to ascribe all the glory of its acceptance and success.—DODDRIDGE, *in a letter to Mr. Wilbaum.*

statesman and philanthropist, is well known. Just before setting out on a continental tour, while a gay, thoughtless young man, he happened to take up the work, and glancing hastily over its pages, asked Isaac Milner, his friend and fellow traveler, what was the character of the book. 'It is one of the best books ever written,' was Milner's reply; 'let us take it with us and read it on our journey.' Wilberforce 'easily consented, and they read it carefully together, with this much effect, that he determined at some future season to examine the Scriptures for himself, and see if things were stated there in the same manner.'*

We would here give a striking instance of the usefulness of this work, which illustriously displays the riches of divine grace in reclaiming the erring from those ways which lead to 'the chambers of death.' This incident was related by the Rev. James Hill. 'I was intimate,' he says, 'with the friends of an officer of most licentious character, so much so, that his tent used to be known among his fellow officers by the name of "hell." It so happened that he went to visit a brother officer at a distant station. This brother officer was not himself a pious man; but amongst the books lying about in his room, there hap-

* *Life of Wilberforce*, by his sons.

pened to be Doddridge's *Rise and Progress.* By some means or other it secured the attention of this licentious man. He took it up; he read it; read it with great attention; but still would not suffer his brother officer to see what he was doing. The time of his return to his regiment came, and he was so ashamed of letting it be seen that he took an interest in this book, that though he longed to take it with him, and was anxious above all things to possess it, he would not let it be known; but when he packed up his baggage, he packed up this book with it, and returned. He then read the book; read it through; offered up all the prayers that it contains. He read it a second time; and the result of all was, he sent the book back, with a letter to the officer, pressing on him the duty of reading it, and showing by his letter that he himself was converted to God by what he had read. He became a decided champion for the faith. He lived but a few months after that, but died in peace with God, and, I trust, is gone to that world of glory where he will speak of the wonders of the divine providence, as well as the riches of divine grace.'*

The *Rise and Progress* is also regarded as hav-

* *Jubilee Memorial of the* (London) *Religious Tract Society*, p. 208.

ing been the principal means of the conversion of Sir James Stonehouse, an eminent physician of Northampton, who for seven years was a confirmed infidel.* In a letter to the Rev. Mr.

* Sir James Stonehouse was born in 1716, in Berkshire, England. He received his collegiate education at Oxford, where he took the degree of M. D. in 1745. He passed two years in the study of medicine in France; and on his return to England, commenced to practice as a physician at Coventry, where he married Miss Anne Neale. 'This lady, who died in 1747, soon after their marriage, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, is introduced as one of the examples of frail mortality in Hervey's *Meditations*, and is farther commemorated there in a note.'

After a year's residence at Coventry, Dr. Stonehouse removed, in 1743, to Northampton, where he had a very extensive practice. When he first came to Northampton, he was an avowed infidel. He even wrote a pamphlet against revealed religion, which passed through three editions; a publication which he afterwards retracted. After he settled at Northampton, he soon became intimately acquainted with Dr. Doddridge; and by a careful perusal of *The Rise and Progress*, was led to renounce his infidelity and to consecrate himself to the service of Christ. After practicing twenty years as a physician, with great success and pecuniary profit, he relinquished the practice of his profession, and entered the Christian ministry. He became very popular as a preacher, and eminent as a man of piety. He became rector of Great and Little Cheverell, in Wiltshire, 'where he became the spiritual guide of Hannah More, and the "Mr. Johnson" of her admirable and far-famed tract, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*.'

Dr. Stonehouse was the pious and beloved family physician of Doddridge, and the Rev. James Hervey. He died in 1795.

Darracott, written in March, 1747, Doddridge thus relates this remarkable conversion: 'One of the most signal instances in which God has ever honored me, was in the conversion of a physician of this town, who was once a most abandoned rake and an audacious deist. God made me the means, first of bringing him to a conviction of the truth of Christianity, then of correcting his morals, and bringing him to attend the public worship of God at church; and, at length, of enlightening his mind with that true and saving knowledge of Christ to which, I bless God, he has now attained. He has written many most truly Christian letters to his old companions; and has already, as he informs me, in a letter which I received from him but last post (for he is now in London), been the means of converting an intimate friend, who was once as great a deist as himself, so that he is become a true lover of Jesus Christ. His is, indeed, an amazing change. Good Mr. Hervey has been honored as a fellow laborer with me in this work. My book on the *Rise and Progress of Religion*, has been, I hope, honored of God as one great means of producing this blessed change. He has read

in the eightieth year of his age. He is the author of *The Sick Man's Friend*, and several other short treatises on religious subjects.'

it again and again, and marked with a line drawn under them some hundreds of passages which occur in that treatise.'

For the *Rise and Progress* Doddridge received the thanks of many eminent divines and pious laymen of his day. It is interesting to read some of the letters addressed to him on its publication. The Rev. David Jennings, D. D., in writing to him, styles this performance one of the best, and, he hopes most useful books that has been published in his time. 'I rejoice to hear,' he adds, 'that it spreads into many hands; may the blessing of God attend it to as many hearts, and then whatever recompense you may receive for your labor in this world, it will be of small consideration to the many crowns of rejoicing you shall receive on account of it in the day of the Lord.'*

In 1747, Doddridge produced his interesting *Memoirs of Colonel Gardiner*, which has been frequently reprinted.

Christ's Gracious Invitation to Thirsty Souls, is the title of a sermon published by Doddridge in

* 'I may with truth assure you, that I never was so deeply affected with anything I ever met with as with that book; and I could not be easy till I had given one to every servant in my house.'—THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET, *in a letter to Doddridge.*

1748, with a dedication to the Rev. James Hervey,* author of *Theron and Aspasio; Meditations* and *Contemplations*. A tender, beautiful, simple, and instructive discourse, it affords an excellent model for preachers, and is well suited to promote the grand end of the gospel ministry — to attract the thirsty, weary soul to the Fountain of Life. It may be regarded as one of the best specimens of Doddridge's general style of preaching. It was one of the most effective sermons he ever delivered, as we learn from the dedication, in which he says: 'Something of a peculiar blessing seemed to attend the discourse, when delivered from the pulpit; and to such a

* Mr. Hervey was among the dearest and most valued friends of Doddridge, at this period. He was born near Northampton, England; and was educated in the grammar school of Northampton, and in the university of Oxford. When Doddridge published his sermon on *Christ's Gracious Invitation*, Mr. Hervey was minister of a church at Weston Favel, a little village pleasantly situated about two miles from Northampton. In 1758, in the forty-fifth year of his age, he departed this life, breathing these words in his last moments: 'How thankful am I for death! It is the passage to the Lord and giver of eternal life. O welcome, welcome death! Thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of a Christian. To live is Christ; to die, is gain! Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' '*The conflict is over; now all is done.*' '*Precious Salvation.*'

On an occasional celebration of Mr. Hervey's virtues and

degree as I do not know to have been equalled by any other sermon I ever preached.' How often have sermons of this stamp, delivered with earnestness and solemnity, been 'mighty through God,' in the conversion of sinners, and in the edification and consolation of saints!

In 1748, Doddridge edited the works of his favorite author, Archbishop Leighton, a divine upon whom one of his latest biographers has passed the following eulogy: 'Among the first preachers of his own day, he has never been surpassed, taking him all in all, since that period.

talents, at the village of Weston Favel, in 1823, James Montgomery, the poet, composed a beautiful tributary poem, in which he says:

'Stars, flowers, and tombs were themes for solemn thought
With him whose memory we recall,
Yet more than eye can see he sought;
His spirit looked through all,
Keenly discern'd
The truths they teach,
Their lessons learn'd,
And gave their silence speech.

'Go, meditate with him among the tombs,
And there the end of all things view;
Visit with him spring's earliest blooms,
See all things there made new;
Thence rapt aloof
In ecstasy,
Hear, from heaven's roof,
Stars preach eternity.'

More sententious than Reynolds; more refined than Howe; more eloquent than Baxter; less diffuse and argumentative, but more practical than Charnock; less profound, but clearer and more savory than Owen; less ingenious, but sweeter and more sublime than Hall — he will not suffer by comparison with any divine, in any age.'* In speaking of the works of Leighton, the Rev. Dr. Miles, in a letter to Doddridge, says: 'You mention to me Archbishop Leighton's works. I bless God I ever met with them. I have his *Commentary on the whole First Epistle to Peter;* a small volume of *Sermons*, and his *Prælectiones.*† There is a spirit in them I never met with in any other human writings; nor can I read many

* The Rev. G. Jerment.

† In his *Lectures on Preaching*, Doddridge says that Archbishop Leighton's *Works* ought to be reckoned 'among the greatest treasures of the English tongue. They continually overflow with love to God, and breathe a heart entirely transformed by the gospel, above the views of everything but pleasing God.' 'His *Commentary on Peter*,' he elsewhere remarks, 'I esteem one of the most excellent pieces I have ever read.'

Doddridge's edition of Leighton's *Expository Works* was published in two octavo volumes by David Wilson, Edinburgh, 1748. The last and best edition of the *Whole Works* of Leighton is that by J. N. Pearson, M. A., with a life of the author; reprinted by the Messrs. Carter, New York, in one goodly octavo volume, with the addition of Mr. Aikman's *Life of Leighton*, and valuable indexes.

lines in them without being moved.' In later times S. T. Coleridge has this remark: 'If there could be an intermediate space between inspired and uninspired writings, that space would be occupied by Leighton.'*

Such are the principal works of Doddridge, which were issued from the press during his lifetime. His *Lectures on Preaching, and the Several Branches of the Ministerial Office*, given to the world since his death, are among the most valuable of his compositions, and deserve a careful perusal by every pastor and candidate for the ministerial office. His *Lectures on Pneumatology, Ethics and Divinity;* and his *Hymns* are also posthumous publications.†

The intellectual labor which Doddridge per-

* 'Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* has for its foundation selections from the writings of Leighton. Fail not, reader to possess thyself of it, and make the rich treasure thy manual.'—C. D. Cleveland.

† An excellent edition of the *Whole Works* of Doddridge, in 10 volumes, octavo, edited by D. Williams and the Rev. E. Parsons, was published at Leeds in 1802. His *Miscellaneous Works*, in one volume, imperial octavo, with a valuable introductory essay by the Rev. T. Morell, of Coward College, was issued in 1839.

In noticing the *Works* of Doddridge, the *London Evangelical Magazine* says: 'These volumes must rank with our first English classics, and must go down to posterity as specimens of the English language rarely surpassed.'

formed in the several capacities of pastor, author, and tutor, from the commencement of his settlement at Northampton till the time of his preaching his last sermon, was certainly extraordinary, and must excite the admiration of all who carefully review his active and laborious life.

The powerful mind of Dr. Chalmers was not a little impressed with the multiplicity of labors which Doddridge carried on during his ministerial career, as well as with the fervor of his devotional feelings. While reading his *Life*, by Orton — a book which he highly prized — he thus piously recorded his own feelings in his *Journal:*

'*March* 12*th*, 1812.—I am reading the *Life of Doddridge*, and am greatly struck with the quantity of business which he put through his hands. O God, impress upon me the value of time, and give regulation to all my thoughts and all my movements. I abandon plans, and cast my care on Him who cares for me. May I be strong in faith, instant in prayer, high in my sense of duty, and vigorous in the execution of it. When I detect myself in unprofitable reverie, let me make an instant transition from dreaming to doing.

'*March* 14*th*.—I am much impressed with the

reality and important business style of Doddridge's intercourse with God. O Heavenly Father! convert my religion from a name to a principle. Bring all my thoughts and movements into an habitual reference to Thee. May I call on Thy name, in deed and reality, that I may be saved.'*

In the year 1748, Doddridge lost his dear and valuable friend, the pious Dr. Watts, who departed this life on the 25th of November, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, in 'sure and certain hope' of a blessed immortality.' On his death Nathaniel Neal, Esq., a distinguished attorney in London, whom Dr. Watts appointed one of his executors, thus wrote to Doddridge: 'When one thinks of the death of so great a man as Dr. Watts, it strikes a damp to one's heart like the setting of the sun; though I cheer myself with this thought, that he is risen on some happier world with a new and more resplendent glory. O may the scattered rays he has left behind him in our benighted hemisphere, light and cheer us onward in our ascent to the regions of everlasting day; where the system of universal nature will be unveiled to our view, and where the firmament is filled with

* Hanna's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers.*

stars, that are risen, never to set any more.'* But how soon was Doddridge himself to follow his beloved friend, Dr. Watts, to the grave! How soon were they to meet on the heavenly shore! Lovely and pleasant were these excellent men in their lives; and in their death they were not far divided. The last days of Doddridge are soon to pass in review before us. And a contemplation of the scenes of those days must ever excite emotions both of pain and of pleasure in the mind of every earnest and zealous Christian.

During the summer of 1749, shortly after the successive earthquakes which shook London and its neighborhood, Doddridge visited the metropolis and delivered a very searching discourse there, on the 'Guilt and doom of Capernaum,' founded on these solemn words of our Saviour in Matthew xi, 23, 24: 'And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell,' &c. It was the *last* sermon he preached in London. Of this remarkable discourse Dr. Hamilton, in his *Christian Classics*,

* As we have already related, in a separate publication, the principal events in the life of this pious divine and warm personal friend of Doddridge, we omit any further notice of him in this volume. See *Life and Choice Works of Dr. Watts*, 1 vol. 12mo., with portrait, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

observes, that it is 'one of the most solemn and arousing appeals which ever proceeded from a pulpit. Whilst preaching it, he said that he was conscious of an uncommon influence resting on his spirit, and the impression produced was very great. One of the hearers was a gentleman of considerable property, Mr. Benjamin Forfitt; and on his mind the effect of the sermon was, that he went and founded "The Book Society," which, for upwards of a century, has been doing incalculable good, by the diffusion of religious books, and which preceded the Tract Society fifty years.'

It was on this occasion, while alluding to the guilt of London, that Doddridge exclaimed in tones peculiarly solemn and impressive: 'O London, London! dear city of my birth and education — seat of so many of my friends,— seat of our princes and senators,— centre of our commerce,— heart of our island, which must feel and languish, must tremble, and, I had almost said, die with thee! How art thou *lifted up to heaven!* How high do thy glories rise; and how bright do they shine! How great is thy magnificence! How extensive thy commerce! How numerous, how free, how happy, thy inhabitants! How happy, above all, in their religious opportunities! In the uncorrupted gos-

pel, so long, so faithfully, preached in thy synagogues! displayed in so many peculiar glories, which were but beginning to dawn when Jesus himself dwelt in Capernaum, and preached repentance there! But while we survey these heights of elevation, must we not tremble, lest thou shouldst fall so much the lower, lest thou shouldst plunge so much the deeper in ruin!'

In the cause of revivals of religion and of missionary enterprises in our own country, Doddridge was deeply interested during his pastorate at Northampton. At this time the Rev. Jonathan Edwards was preaching with great success at the beautiful town of Northampton, in New England; and under his powerful, searching, and solemn ministration, remarkable revivals of religion took place in that town and its vicinity. Mr. Edwards wrote an interesting account of this happy state of things in the church of New England, which was published in London in 1736, under the title of *Narrative of Surprising Conversions*, with an introduction by Dr. Watts and Dr. Guyse. This treatise was extensively circulated through England and Scotland, and was read with great interest and profit by earnest Christians in those countries. Its perusal rejoiced the heart of Doddridge. In October, 1737, he writes to his old friend, Dr. Clarke:

'I have lately read, with an agreeable surprise, the *Narrative* from New England, by Dr. Watts.'

Doddridge was especially interested in the labors of another of his American cotemporaries, the pious and devoted missionary, DAVID BRAINERD, of whom he seems to have been a great admirer. And one of the books that he greatly valued was the *Life and Journal* of this excellent man. Brainerd published his *Journal* in 1746; and after his death, Jonathan Edwards wrote a deeply interesting account of his life, which includes his diary, and which appeared in 1749, in an octavo volume. It has been well remarked by one, that this book is 'one of those which ought to be *studied* by every minister of the gospel, and every candidate for the sacred office.' On one occasion (June 2d, 1750), Doddridge thus refers to Brainerd's *Journal:* 'Being much affected with many things I have lately read in the *Journal* of that faithful and zealous servant of Christ, Mr. David Brainerd, and observing, particularly, that he abounded much more than most men of his day in the duty of secret fasting and prayer, I determined by the divine assistance, to attempt the exercise of the former long neglected duty.' And again, in a letter to one of his ministerial brethren, in February, 1751, he says: 'Let me recommend to you the

reading the *Life and Journal* of Mr. David Brainerd, if you know where to get it in large.' In 1748, Doddridge himself wrote a *Dedication of an Abridgment of Brainerd's Journal to the Honorable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Great Britain.* It is among the last of his literary performances, and is a well deserved tribute to one of the excellent of the earth.*

* A few months ago the author of this volume, while on a tour through New England, visited the grave of Brainerd, at Northampton. It was on a beautiful summer morning, when a gentle breeze was stirring the green foliage of the thick trees in the cemetery, that we approached the hallowed spot and read the inscription upon his tomb

It will be remembered that Brainerd died at Northampton, on the 9th of October, 1747, in the thirtieth year of his age. He breathed his last in the house of Jonathan Edwards, to whose daughter, Jerusha, a very amiable and pious young lady of seventeen, he was engaged to be married. This young lady, who constantly attended Brainerd during his last illness, survived him only a few months. Her grave is close by the side of Brainerd's, and on the plain white stone which marks her resting place is this inscription: Jerusha Edwards, daughter of Jonathan and Sarah Edwards. Born April 26, 1730; died Feb. 14, 1748. "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

As we stood by the grave of Brainerd, recalling the principal events of his brief but useful life, we were particularly impressed with the Christian triumph of his death. How peaceful, how joyful was his departure! No clouds obscure the brightness of his spiritual vision. As he stands on the borders of the ocean of eternity, and looks above him and be-

fore him, the sky is clear and the ocean calm. He passes away from the scene of his earthly labors and conflicts with these words on his pale, quivering lips: 'Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly. Oh, why is His chariot so long in coming? My work is done; oh, to be in heaven to praise and glorify God with His holy angels!'

As peaceful and happy, we may remark, was the departure of Miss Jerusha Edwards. 'She had manifested,' says her father, 'a heart uncommonly devoted to God in the course of her life, many years before her death; and said on her death-bed, that *she had not seen one minute, for several years, wherein she desired to live one minute longer, for the sake of any other good in life, but doing good, living to God, and doing what might be for His glory!*'

An eminent American divine has these beautiful and appropriate remarks respecting the grave of Brainerd: 'His mortal remains repose in the burying-place at Northampton, and the spot is hallowed to the hearts of thousands by the most grateful associations. The stranger who only passes through the town, is often heard inquiring the way to "Brainerd's grave;" and many a Christian, and many a minister, whose home is on the other side of the ocean, has stood over the spot with tender and sublime emotions, and with a moistened eye. It is within the last few years that, on some public occasion at Northampton, which called together a large number of ministers, a clerical procession walked early in the morning into the grave-yard, to visit this hallowed spot, and, as they stood over it, they offered up thanksgiving to his God and their God, for having made him what he was, and supplications that the remembrance of his example might cheer them onward in their labors, and assist them to win the immortal crown.'— Dr. Sprague, in his *Annals of the American Pulpit.*

CHAPTER V.

HIS LAST DAYS.

IN the midst of his excessive labors as pastor, tutor, and author, Doddridge was seized with the disease which, in less than a year, terminated his useful life. Early in the winter of 1750, as he was going to preach the funeral sermon of his early friend and patron, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Clarke, he caught a cold which troubled him the remainder of the winter, and finally terminated in consumption. On the approach of spring he recovered considerably, but relapsed again in the summer. His end now rapidly approached; and as he drew nigh the grave, and stood on the borders of life, he appeared, as it were, to smile at death. His spirit now soared on the wings of pious contemplation, and was more and more cheered with the hope of future bliss. The light of the divine countenance seemed to beam glo-

riously upon his soul; gladness was put in his heart; and that joy which the world can neither give nor take away, caused him to desire still more ardently the full enjoyment of heaven's untold happiness. And as he turns his steadfast eye of faith beyond the dark cold grave, and

> 'Surveys the brightening regions of the blest,'

he seems to possess, in a spiritual sense,

> 'What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
> The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.'

In the near prospect of death, he could say, at this time, in the sublime language of Christian triumph: 'I bless God, earth is less and less to me; and I shall be very glad to have done with it once for all, as soon as it shall please my Master to give me leave. Yet for Him I would live and labor; and I hope, if such were His will, suffer too.' 'I thank God, that I do indeed feel my affection to this vanishing world dying and vanishing every day. I have long since *weighed it in the balances* and *found it wanting;* and my heart and hopes are above.'

On the 2d of June, 1751, Doddridge administered the Lord's Supper for the last time to his congregation at Northampton. It was a very solemn and affecting occasion. He preached from Hebrews xii, 23: '*Ye are come—to the general*

assembly, and Church of the first born, which are written in heaven,' &c.; and very felicitously and beautifully did he expatiate on that glorious and innumerable assembly *of all nations, and kindreds, and people and tongues*, which shall meet together in that world where *sorrow and sighing shall flee away*, and where songs of joy and gratitude shall unceasingly be ascribed to *Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.* In addressing his people, at the conclusion of this sacramental service, the saintly pastor touchingly alluded to his own departure, and tenderly and pathetically spoke of their final separation. His last sermon at Northampton was delivered on the 14th of July, from that cheering text: 'Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's:' Rom. xiv, 8.

After engaging in his last public service at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Adams, at Brewdly, on the 18th of July, he visited Shrewsbury, and spent several weeks at the house of his friend and former pupil, the Rev. Job Orton. During his continuance with Mr. Orton, in the hope of deriving benefit from a change of air and relaxation of mind, he was favored with many letters from his friends, couched in terms expressive of their sincere affection and deep concern for his recovery. Of these letters of sympathy it has been

well remarked, that they 'are among the most touching to be found in the annals of friendship.' Among others, he received from the Rev. John Barker,* a dissenting clergyman, that 'wonderfully impassioned letter, which surely no one

*John Barker was born about the year 1682. Very little is known of the circumstances of his younger years, except that he finished his academical education in Yorkshire, and was ordained a minister in London. In 1709, when about the twenty-sixth year of his age, he was chosen assistant to the Rev. Dr. Grosvenor, of London, an eloquent divine, well known as the author of *The Mourner Relieved*, etc. On the death of Matthew Henry, the commentator, in the summer of 1714, Mr. Barker became his successor in the pastoral care of the church at Hackney, where he labored several years with great acceptance and usefulness. In 1741, he became minister at Salter's Hall, in London, 'long esteemed one of the most celebrated places of worship among the dissenters.' He died on the 31st of May, 1762, at the age of eighty. He was one of the most eloquent preachers of his times. On account of his fascinating delivery, he was commonly called the 'silver tongued Barker.' He was a man of considerable learning, and of very ardent piety. According to Mr. Walter Wilson, his two volumes of sermons 'are composed in a natural and easy style; the subjects are of a practical nature, and treated in a manner highly judicious and evangelical.'

Mr. Barker was a very intimate friend of Dr. Doddridge, and corresponded frequently with him. Of his last letter to Doddridge, Mr. Wilson says, that it 'abounds above all with expressions of the sublimest friendship, resignation, and piety, and is, perhaps, one of the most striking pieces of eloquence, of the kind, ever penned.' For an interesting account of Mr Barker, see Wilson's *History of Dissenting Churches.*

can read without mingling his tears with those in which Doddridge bathed it as he read the burning lines.' How exquisitely tender and pathetic are the words we quote from this remarkable letter — the last one that Mr. Barker ever wrote to Doddridge: 'Consent and choose to stay with us a while longer, my dear friend, if it please God. This is not only needful to Northampton, and its adjacent towns and villages, but desirable to us all, and beneficial to our whole interest. Stay, *Doddridge!* oh, stay, and strengthen our hands, whose shadows grow long. Fifty is but the height of vigor, usefulness and honor. Do not take leave abruptly. Providence hath not yet directed thee on whom to drop thy mantle. Who shall instruct our youth, fill our vacant churches, animate our associations, and diffuse a spirit of piety, moderation, candor, and charity, through our villages and churches, and a spirit of prayer and supplication into our towns and cities, when thou art removed from us? Especially, who shall unfold the sacred oracles, teach us the meaning and use of our Bibles, rescue us from the bondage of systems, party opinions, empty, useless speculations, and fashionable forms and phrases, and point out the simple, intelligible, consistent, religion of our Lord and Saviour? Who shall — but I am silenced by

the voice of Him who says, "Shall I not do what I will with my own? Is it not my prerogative to take and leave, as seemeth me good? I demand the liberty of disposing of my own servants at my own pleasure. He hath labored more abundantly. His times are in my hand. He hath not slept as do others. He hath risen to nobler heights than things below. He hopes to inherit glory. He hath labored for that which endureth to eternal life — labor which, the more it abounds, the more it exalts and magnifies, and the more effectually answers and secures its end. It is yours to wait and trust, mine to dispose and govern. On me be the care of ministers and churches. With me is the residue of the Spirit. Both the vineyard and the laborers are mine. I set them to work, and, when I please, I call them and give them their hire." With these thoughts my passions subside; my mind is softened and satisfied. I resign thee, myself, and all, to God, saying, "Thy will be done."' Doddridge was so deeply affected with the sentiments of friendship and consolation, expressed in this letter, that Mr. Orton feared 'his tender frame would have sunk under it.'

Following the advice of his physicians, he visited Bristol in the month of August, and used

its waters, but without any beneficial effect.* While here he received many expressions of sympathy, and the kindest treatment from friends. But as his 'outward man' was gradually becoming more feeble, his 'inward man' was daily renewed. His mind was filled with the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and was even joyful amidst all the physical sufferings he endured. In this happy frame he wrote to one: 'I see indeed no hope of my recovery; yet my heart rejoiceth in my God and my Saviour, and I call Him under this failure of everything else, its strength and everlasting portion. God hath indeed been wonderfully good to me, but I am less than the least of His mercies, less than the least hope of His children. Adored be His grace for whatever it hath wrought by me!'

Doddridge was now in a deep-seated consumption; and his pale countenance, his emaciated frame, his hectic fever, his continued cough, and his hoarse voice were sad premonitions of his approaching end. But in the midst of his dis-

* 'Though I am greatly better within these six days, my cough and hoarseness are such that it is judged advisable that we should try Bristol, which has, sometimes, been wonderfully serviceable in such cases.'— DODDRIDGE, *in a letter to his daughter, dated Aug.* 12, 1751.

tressing symptoms he talked very sweetly of his confidence in Him who smooths the dying pillow, and lights up the dark valley with the beams of His glorious love. 'My soul is vigorous and healthy, notwithstanding the hastening decay of this frail and tottering body. It is not for the love of sunshine, or the variety of meats, that I desire life; but, if it please God, that I may render him a little more service. It is a blessed thing to live above the fear of death, and I praise God I fear it not.* The means I am about pursuing to save life, so far as I am solely concerned, are, to my apprehension, worse than death. My profuse night-sweats are very weakening to my emaciated frame; but the most distressing nights to this frail body have been as the *beginning of heaven* to my soul. God hath, as it were, let heaven down upon me in those nights of weakness and waking. I am not suffered once to lose my hope. My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner. I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that, instead of recommending me

* If Christ is our foundation, we have nothing to fear, even in the swellings of Jordan, for death itself cannot separate us from the love of Christ.— BURDER.

to the favor of God, I needed His pardon, through Christ, for the same. Yet He hath enabled me in sincerity to serve Him. Popular applause was not the thing I sought. If I might be honored to do good, and my Heavenly Father might see His poor child attempting, though feebly and imperfectly, to serve Him and meet with His approving eye and commending sentence, *Well done, good and faithful servant*,— this my soul regarded, and was most solicitous for. I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet I am full of confidence, and this is my confidence: there is *a hope set before me;* I have fled, I still *fly for refuge* to that hope. In Him I trust; in Him I have *strong consolation*, and shall assuredly be *accepted in this Beloved* of my soul. The *spirit of adoption* is given me, enabling me to cry *Abba Father*. I have no doubt of my being a child of God, and that life and death, and all my present exercises, are directed in mercy by my adored Heavenly Father.'

How tranquil, bright, and unfaltering the Christian's hope! How its voice, like sweetest music, soothes and cheers our spirits amidst the darkness and the conflicts of life! How it rejoices us as we look beyond this present state of existence and fix our eyes on the glories of our heavenly home! In the language of Dod-

dridge's favorite author, Archbishop Leighton, 'This is the anchor fixed within the veil, which keeps the soul firm against all the tossings on these swelling seas, and the winds and tempests that arise upon them. The firmest thing in this inferior world is a believing soul.'

> Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
> Pants for the place of her ethereal birth;
> On steady wings, sails through the immense abyss,
> Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
> And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
> With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
> Hope, as an anchor, firm and sure, holds fast
> The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
>
> COWPER.

During Doddridge's stay at Bristol, the deepest solicitude was felt for him by his numerous friends. He was visited by the principal persons of his congregation; and many sympathizing and consolatory letters were addressed to him, by warm friends, in various parts of the country. Dr. Warburton writes: 'Death, whenever it happens, in a life spent like yours, is to be envied, not pitied; and you will have the prayers of your friends, as conquerors have the shouts of the crowd. God preserve you; if He continues you here to go on in His service; if He takes you to Himself, to be crowned with glory.'

But one of the most beautiful and consolatory

letters he received at this time, was from Mr. Williams, of Kidderminster,* who says: 'I dare to congratulate you, dear saint, that having fought a good fight, you are so near the end of your course, and will quickly receive a glorious crown. I rejoice that your evening sun has no cloud! God is faithful! Those who know His name will put their trust in Him. Jesus, our Almighty Friend, is full of compassion; is afflicted in all your affliction; and will not fail to succor you in the darkest hour. Human nature, perhaps, cannot be quite fearless of approaching dissolution; but *faith* will obtain the victory.† God sees fit to hold His dear children in a state of dependence to the last; but the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient for you, and will be ever near. You have had many a Pisgah view; and if it be best, you shall have another — a clearer than ever yet — before you pass Jordan. And doubt not, my dear sir, that He who cut off the waters from before the ark, and caused

* The *Diary* of this excellent man, one of the most benevolent and devout of Doddridge's correspondents, was first published by the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett. It has since been re-edited, with additional matter, selected from his *Meditations*, by Mr. Williams' great grandson, Benjamin Hanbury.

† 'Faith lifts the soul up to the firm advanced ground of the promises, and fastens it there; and there it is sure, even as Mount Zion, that cannot be removed.'— LEIGHTON.

His chosen people to pass dry shod into Canaan, can do as much for you.'

Advised as the last resort to spend the winter in the warmer climate of Portugal, he accordingly started from Bristol on the 17th of September to embark at Falmouth for Lisbon. On the morning of his departure for Falmouth, Lady Huntington* visited him, and, on entering his room, found him 'weeping over the open Bible lying before him.'

'You are in tears, sir,' she said.

'I am weeping, madam,' he replied, with a cheerful, confiding look, 'but they are tears of joy and comfort. I can give up my country, my friends, my relatives, into the hand of God; and

* This remarkably zealous and pious lady, whose name is 'inseparably identified with the revival of religion' in England, was born in 1707; and died in 1791, at the advanced age of eighty-four. She devoted a large portion of her property to the cause of religion, particularly in the promotion of evangelical missions. At the close of her long and useful life she said: '*My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father.*' '*My soul is filled with glory; I am in the element of heaven.*' Respecting this remarkable woman Doddridge thus writes in 1750: 'I think I never saw so much of the image of God in any woman upon earth.'

Lady Huntington was a particular friend of Watts, Doddridge, Col. Gardiner, Whitefield, Romaine, Venn, Berridge, and Rowland Hill.

as to myself, I can as well go to heaven from Lisbon, as from my own study at Northampton.'

After a fatiguing journey of ten days he reached Falmouth, where he was hospitably entertained by Dr. Turner, a clergyman of the church of England.

A few days before setting out on his voyage for Lisbon, he spent a night at Wellington, at the house of his esteemed pupil, Mr. Darracott, who had now acquired great and deserved distinction as a zealous and faithful minister of the gospel. On the morning when he took what proved to be a final leave of Mr. Darracott, he told him that his joys were now too much for his enfeebled body to sustain.

The night before he embarked for Lisbon violent symptoms returned, alarming Mrs. Doddridge, and constraining her to propose that he should return home, or remain longer at Falmouth. 'The die is cast, and I choose to go,' was his answer.

The following lines, among the last he ever penned, were dispatched to a friend, from Falmouth: 'I am, upon the whole, better than could be expected after such a journey. Let us thank God and take courage. We may yet know many cheerful days. We shall at least know (why do I say *at least*), one joyful one, which

shall be *eternal.*'—'I have trespassed a great deal on your time, and a little on my own strength. I say a *little*, for when writing to such a friend, as I seem less absent from him, it soothes my mind agreeably. Oh! when shall we meet in *that world* where we shall have nothing to lament, and nothing to fear for ourselves, or each other, or any dear to us!* Let us think of this as a momentary state, and aspire more ardently after the blessings of that. If I survive my voyage, a line shall tell you how I bear it. If not, all will be well; and, as good Mr. Howe says, I hope I shall embrace the wave, that, when I in-

* With what eloquence does Robert Hall speak of the reunion of good men in a future state! 'How should we rejoice,' he says, 'in the prospect — the certainty, rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth; of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, "with every tear wiped from their eyes," standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, "in white robes, and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forever and ever." What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat, and the labor of the way, and to approach, not the house, but the throne of God, in company, in order to join in the symphonies of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendors and fruitions of the beatific vision.'—*Funeral Sermon for Dr. Ryland.*

tended Lisbon, should land me in heaven!* I am more afraid of doing what is wrong than of dying.'

A few days before leaving his native land, his excellent friend, Nathaniel Neal, Esq., wrote to him in the following happy strain: 'You go with a full gale of prayer, and, I trust, we shall stand ready on the shore to receive you back with shouts of praise.' After expressing his sympathy for Mrs. Doddridge, and alluding to her interest in God, 'whose arms are everlasting, whose presence is universal, and whose compassions never fail,' Mr. Neal exclaims, in the same letter, 'Oh, sir, the time is hastening

* When the saintly John Howe was about to sail from Ireland to Liverpool he composed some pious reflections under the title of 'Considerations and Communings with myself concerning my present journey, December 20, 1675, by night, on my bed.' In allusion to the danger of being lost at sea in his contemplated voyage, he has the following striking remarks, to the last beautiful sentence of which, Doddridge, in his letter above quoted, particularly refers: 'It is pleasant to me hereupon to think of going into eternity; of laying down the body of flesh, and sin, and death, together; and of being perfectly holy, and associated with them that are so, in holy work and enjoyment.

'To put off this tabernacle so easily, I reckon would to me be a merciful dispensation, who am more afraid of sharp pains than of death. I think I should joyfully embrace those waves that should cast me on an undesigned shore, and, when I intended Liverpool, should land me in heaven.'

when these ways of His, which are now so unsearchable, shall appear to have been marked out by the counsels of infinite wisdom; and we, who may be left longest to lean upon, and support one another by turns, in this weary land, shall fix our feet on those everlasting hills, where our joys shall never leave, nor our vigor ever fail us! There, my dear friend, may we be one, in that union which cannot be dissolved! In this blessed hope I am affectionately yours.'*

On Monday morning, the 30th of September, 1751, Doddridge left England, never to return. He sailed from Falmouth in a vessel bound for Lisbon. During the voyage his languid frame was revived by the soft air and balmy breezes

* Nathaniel Neal, whose name has been mentioned in a former page, was a son of Daniel Neal, author of *The History of the Puritans;* and a nephew of the celebrated Dr. Lardner, author of *Credibility of the Gospel History*, etc. He was an attorney of considerable talents, of fine literary tastes, and of sincere piety. 'I never think of his character,' said one of his cotemporaries, 'without the highest veneration and esteem, as few ever possessed more eminently the virtues of the heart, united with a very superior understanding and judgment.' He is the author of an excellent, but now very rare, pamphlet entitled, *A Free and Serious Remonstrance to Dissenting Ministers, on Occasion of the Decay of Religion.* While secretary of the Million Bank, in London, he wrote a number of excellent letters to Doddridge, towards whom he manifested the warmest friendship.

of the sea; and his soul was still more invigorated by the many delightful views of celestial glory with which he was favored. He now felt the power of those sacred consolations which he had so often administered to others. One morning, while sitting in an easy chair in the cabin, he whispered to the tender partner of his voyage, 'I cannot express to you what a morning I have had. SUCH DELIGHTFUL AND TRANSPORTING VIEWS OF THE HEAVENLY WORLD IS MY FATHER NOW INDULGING ME WITH, AS NO WORDS CAN EXPRESS.'* While giving utterance to such language, his countenance was so expressive of sacred joy, and gratitude, that Mrs. Doddridge was forcibly reminded of those lines of his own beautiful hymn,

> 'When death o'er nature shall prevail,
> And all its powers of language fail,
> Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
> And mean the thanks I cannot speak.'

What a soul-entrancing view had Doddridge now of the better land! With what delight did

* How similar was the experience of that holy man of other days, the REV. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, one of Scotland's worthies! Hear his transporting language: 'I am filled with joy and with the comforts of God. Sweet, sweet have His comforts been to my soul. My pen, tongue, and heart have not *words* to express the kindness, love, and mercy of my Well-Beloved to me, in this house of my pilgrimage.'

his eye of faith gaze on that city whose streets are paved with gold, whose walls are of jasper, and whose light is the glory of God and of the Lamb! How sweet and transporting now were his thoughts of yon holy city, the new Jerusalem; its glorified inhabitants; its unceasing melody; its unending joys; its holy employments; its sacred rest; its unfading beauty; its fruitful tree of life; its crystal stream of living water, 'proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb!' But how was his 'whole soul dilated in gratitude, love, and praise,' as he thought of the Redeemer in His glorified humanity, standing as a Lamb 'on the Mount Zion' with all His ransomed saints, feeding them, leading them unto living fountains of waters, and wiping away all tears from their eyes! Doddridge's enjoyments were now the highest that a Christian has on earth; the sublimest musings of a sanctified soul, filled with love to God, and ready to depart and dwell with Jesus in the mansions of glory. He was now like Bunyan's pilgrim — 'drawing near to the city, he had yet a more perfect view thereof.' It was, perhaps, at this very time that his eye of faith caught the brightest glimpse that he ever enjoyed on earth, of those glories of which Bunyan speaks, in this exquisite passage:

'Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked the many, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal. There were, also, them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord." And, after that, they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.'*

In some hour of solemn jubilee,
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come, in fragments wild,
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they that from the crystal river of life
Sprung up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!
The favored good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss, which he shall recognize in heaven.

COLERIDGE.

*'How often have I begged of my God, that it would please Him to show me some little glimpse of the glory of His saints! * * * My ambition only is, that I might, if but as it were through some cranny or key-hole of the gate of heaven, see the happy condition of His glorious servants.'—BISHOP HALL.

In the bay of Biscay the vessel was detained by a calm for several days. It was now very warm; and Doddridge suffered from prostration by the heat; but, as the weather changed and the vessel was again borne along by a gentle breeze, he was considerably revived. Passing along the coasts of Portugal, the vessel reached the mouth of the calm and majestic river Tagus. And now on the deck, breathing the fresh and balmy air in a bright autumnal day, as the vessel gently sails up the Tagus, he gazed with delight — for Doddridge was ever a lover of the beauties of nature — upon the bold and romantic banks of that noble river, adorned with olive-yards, orange groves, and vineyards, filling the air with delicate fragrance. Far in the distance he saw the city of Lisbon, 'with its groves, and gardens, and sunny towers,' extending 'two miles along the shore, occupying several hills, with the intervening valleys.' The sight he described as magnificent. After a favorable voyage the vessel arrived at Lisbon, on the Sabbath, October 13, 1751. On the following day he wrote a brief letter to his assistant at Northampton, in which he gave an interesting account of his voyage, and of the critical condition of his health. He seems to have been especially

delighted with the very beautiful and striking appearance of Lisbon from the ocean.* Regarding the state of his mind, and especially his resignation to the will of Providence, he says, in the letter just mentioned: 'I bless God the most undisturbed serenity continues in my mind, and

*T. N. Talfourd, in a spiritedly written article on 'Recollections of Lisbon,' in the *New Monthly Magazine*, has given us an interesting account of his own voyage to Lisbon, in 1818. His description of his voyage up the Tagus, and of the appearance of Lisbon, is particularly beautiful. We have room here for only a brief extract: 'A pleasant breeze brought us soon to the mouth of the Tagus, where a scene of enchantment, "too bright and fair almost for remembrance," burst upon my view. We sailed between the two fortresses which guard the entrance of the river, here several miles in width, close to the walls of that on the left, denominated "Fort St. Julian." The river, seen up to the beautiful castle of Belem, lay before us, not serpentine nor perceptibly contracting, but between almost parallel shores, like a noble avenue of crystal. It was studded with vessels of every region, as the sky is sprinkled with stars, which rested on a bosom of waters so calm as scarcely to be curled by the air which wafted us softly onwards. On both sides, the shore rose into a series of hills; on the right side, wild, abrupt, mazy, and tangled; and on the left, covered with the freshest verdure and interspersed with luxuriant trees. Noble seats appeared, crowning the hills and sloping on their sides; and in the spaces between the elevated spots, glimpses were caught of sweet valleys winding among scattered woods, or of princely domes and spires in the richness of the distance. All wore, not the pale livery of an opening spring, but the full bloom of maturest summer. The transition to such a scene, sparkling in the richest tints of sunshine and overhung by a

my *strength* holds proportion to my *day*. I still hope and trust in God, and joyfully acquiesce in all He may do with me. When you see my dear friends of the congregation, inform them of my circumstances, and assure them that I cheerfully submit myself to God. If I desire

cloudless sky of the deepest blue, from the scanty and just-budding foliage of Cornwall, as I left it, was like the change of a Midsummer Night's Dream; a sudden admission into fairy worlds. As we glided up the enchanted channel, the elevations on the left became overspread with magnificent buildings, like mingled temples and palaces, rising one above another into segments of vast amphitheatres, and interspersed with groves of the fullest yet most delicate green. Close to the water lay a barbaric edifice, of rich though fantastic architecture, a relic of Moorish grandeur, now converted into the last earthly abode of the monarchs of Portugal. Hence the buildings continued to thicken over the hills and to assume a more confused, though scarcely less romantic aspect, till we anchored in front of the most populous part of Lisbon. The city was stretched beyond the reach of the eye, on every side, upon the ascents and summits of very lofty and steep elevations. The white houses, thickly intersected with windows, mostly framed with green and white lattice-work, seemed to have their foundations on the tops of others; terraces appeared lifted far above the lofty buildings, and other edifices rose above them; gardens looked as suspended by magic in the clouds, and the whole scene wore an aspect of the most gorgeous confusion, "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air."'

For a description of the Tagus and of Lisbon, *see* also Robert Southey's *Life and Correspondence*.

life may be restored, it is chiefly that it may be employed in serving Christ among them; and that I am enabled by faith to look upon death as an *enemy that shall be destroyed;* and that I can cheerfully leave my dear Mrs. Doddridge a widow, in this strange land, if such be the appointment of our Heavenly Father. I hope I have done my duty, *and the Lord do as seemeth good in His sight.*'

Doddridge was hospitably received at Lisbon, in the house of Mr. King, an English merchant, whose mother was a member of his congregation at Northampton. Here he met with Dr. Watts's *Discourses on the Conquest over Death, and the Happiness of Separate Spirits made Perfect;* the perusal of which, afforded him no little consolation while in this foreign land, soothing and cheering his spirit within a short period of his departure.* In reading these discourses, and,

* 'I have lately been reading Dr. Watts's *Discourses on the Happiness of Separate Spirits.* It is impossible to peruse them without feeling an elevation of mind above the trifles of earth; without being inspired by the desire "to see and taste the bliss."'—JANE TAYLOR. *See her Memoir by her brother.*

'The most beautiful of all his discourses, *The Happiness of Separate Spirits made Perfect.*'—ORME.

'His sermon on *The End of Time,* is as profoundly awakening as *The Happiness of Separate Spirits* is elevating to our nobler sentiments and reproving to our earthliness.—REV. DR. HAMILTON.

especially, in meditating on the Scriptures, he was employed as much as his failing strength would permit. About a week after his arrival at Lisbon, by the advice of his physician, he was removed into the open country, a few miles from the city. The rainy season now coming on with unusual violence, produced a change which took away all prospect of recovery, and he rapidly sank. Within a very short period of his death, he desired Mrs. Doddridge to 'remember him in the most affectionate manner to his dear children, his flock, and all his friends; and to tell them of the gratitude his heart felt, and the blessings he wished for them all, on account of their kindness to him; nor was the family where he lodged, nor even his own servant, forgotten in these expressions of his pious benevolence. Many devout sentiments and aspirations he uttered; but her heart was too much affected with his approaching change to be able to recollect them. After lying still some time, and being supposed asleep, he told her that he had been renewing his covenant engagements with God, and that he had a cheerful, well-grounded hope, through the Redeemer, of being received to His everlasting mercy.'*

* Doddridge was now experiencing, in an eminent degree, the blessedness of what he had but a few years before ex-

Early on Saturday morning, October 26, 1751, Doddridge expired, in the fiftieth year of his age. His departure was like the going down of the sun in an unclouded sky. How peaceful the close of his pilgrimage! How firm his faith on the Rock of Ages! How joyful his hope in Christ! How full of devotion his last thoughts and words! What heart is not deeply interested and impressed by a contemplation of the serenity, majesty, and cheerfulness of his closing hours!

'Hear the last words the believer saith,
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his *last* thoughts are God's, his *last* words, PRAYER.'*

The remains of Doddridge were interred in the English cemetery at Lisbon, where his grave still remains, and 'like Henry Martyn's at Tocat, is to the Christian traveler a little spot of

pressed in writing to a friend: 'It is the grace of the gospel to the chief of sinners that is all my confidence and hope. This grace, indeed, I have found, and will endeavor to celebrate it to, and with, *my last breath.*'

* 'His mind enjoyed a delightful calm, full of joy and thankfulness, which was often expressed by his words and always by his looks.'— *Editor of Doddridge's Correspondence.*

holy ground.'* A plain monument was first raised over his grave, which in the course of time became decayed. In 1828, the Rev. Thomas Taylor caused a new marble tomb to be erected, with the following inscription:

'Philip Doddridge, D. D., died October 26, 1751, aged 50.' To this is added: 'With high respect for his character and writings, this stone of remembrance was raised upon a former one in decay, in the month of June, 1828, at the desire and expense of Thomas Taylor, of all his numerous pupils the only one living.'†

* Besides the remains of other visitors, those of Henry Fielding, the celebrated English novelist, repose in the English cemetery at Lisbon. Fielding was born in 1707; and died at Lisbon, where he had gone in search of health, in October, 1754, in the forty-eighth year of his age. We must refer the reader to his interesting and spirited account of his 'Journey to Lisbon.'

† This excellent dissenting minister was born in the vicinity of Kidderminster, in 1735. At the age of fifteen he entered the theological academy at Northampton, not many months before the death of Dr. Doddridge. He completed his preparatory studies for the ministry under the direction of Dr. Caleb Ashworth, the successor of Dr. Doddridge as principal of the same theological institution. Mr. Taylor was for some years domestic chaplain to Elizabeth Abney, of Stoke Newington, the daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, in whose hospitable mansion Dr. Watts had so long resided. He subsequently

On the death of Doddridge, his widow, who appears to have been wonderfully sustained by divine strength, wrote a beautiful letter from Lisbon to her family at Northampton, in which she says: 'God is all-sufficient, and my only hope. Such I have, indeed found Him, and such I verily believe you will find Him in this time of deep distress. O, my dear children, help me to praise Him! Such supports, such consolations has He granted to one of the meanest and most unworthy of His creatures, that my mind is at times held in perfect astonishment, and is ready under its exquisite distress to burst out into songs of praise.* As to outward comforts, He has withheld no good thing from me, but has given me all the supports that the tenderest friendship was capable of affording me, in this time of great extremity, and which, I

became pastor of a dissenting congregation in Carter lane, London, where he died in 1831, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

* Spiritual comforts in distress, such as the world can neither give, nor take away, show that God looks upon the souls of His with another eye than He beholdeth others. He sends a secret messenger that reports His peculiar love to their hearts. He knows their souls, and feeds them with His hidden manna — the inward peace they feel is not in freedom from trouble, but in freeness with God in the midst of trouble.' — SIBBES.

think, my dear Northampton friends could hardly have exceeded. Their prayers are not lost, and I doubt not I am reaping the benefit of them, and I hope my dear children will do the same. * * * * And now, my dear children, what shall I say to you? Ours is no common loss; I mourn the best of husbands and of friends, removed from our world of sin and sorrow to the regions of immortal life and glory. What a mercy is it that my thoughts are enabled with joy to pursue him thither! You have lost, my dear children, the dearest and the best of parents, the guide of your youth, and whose pleasure it would have been to have introduced you with advantage to the world. Great, indeed, is *our* loss, and yet I really think the loss the public has sustained is still greater. I am ready to say the glory is departed; but God will never want instruments to carry on His work. Let us be thankful that God ever gave us such a friend, and that He continued him so long, though every hour and day has only tended the more to endear him to us. * * * Let us remember that the best respect we can pay to his memory, is to endeavor, as far as we can, to follow his example, and to cultivate those lovely qualities which

rendered him so justly dear to us and so much esteemed in the world.'*

Soon after the decease of her husband, Mrs. Doddridge returned to England, where she passed the remainder of her days. She died in peace, in 1790, at the age of eighty-two.

There is a pleasing reference to Mrs. Doddridge in the diary of an eminent American pulpit orator, the Rev. Samuel Davies, who

* It is scarcely necessary to say that the death of Dr. Doddridge was deeply lamented by the Christian world. The *Gentleman's Magazine* has this excellent notice of his demise, in a list of deaths for the year 1751: 'October 26, Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D., of a consumption of the lungs, at Lisbon; to which place he had lately retired by the advice of his physicians, for the recovery of his health. He had been minister of the dissenting meeting in Northampton twenty-two years, and had established an academy there, which he supported with such reputation, as brought students to it from all parts of the kingdom. He was a man of a fine genius, rich in stores of learning, and of unexampled activity and diligence. His piety was without disguise, his love without jealousy, his benevolence without bonds. His candor was so uncommon, extensive, and unaffected, as to give him the general esteem of the clergy and the particular friendship of some very eminent men. In the several characters of a friend, a writer, a preacher, a tutor, he had few superiors; in all united, he had no equal. His disconsolate widow (whose chief dowry is, that she inherits the spirit of this excellent man), is returning to England, to assuage the griefs and form the minds of her amiable offspring; and to forward those writings to the press, which were designed for public view.'

visited England in 1753, on behalf of Princeton college. In his record of August 11, 1754, Mr. Davies says: 'Preached in Dr. Doddridge's pulpit; and the sight of his monument with a very significant inscription, struck my mind with uncommon energy. The congregation is decreased since the doctor's death, as they can find none to supply his place fully. Monday, went in company with Mr. Warburton and Mr. Wilkinson to make private applications among the people, and received about sixteen pounds, of which Mrs. Doddridge procured me three guineas. Dined with her, and found her conversation animated with good sense and piety. She remembered me as a correspondent of the "dear deceased," as she calls the doctor, and treated me with uncommon friendship. I was surprised that she could talk of him with so much composure, notwithstanding her flowing affections. She told me 'she never had a more comfortable season, than when returning from Lisbon, on the boisterous ocean, after the doctor's death.'*

On his leaving Northampton Mr. Davies made

* It was on the occasion of this visit to England that Mr. Davies is said to have preached an eloquent discourse before George II, in which he thus reproved his majesty for what he deemed to be irreverence in his behavior. Fixing his eyes on the king, Mr. Davies is said to have boldly exclaimed:

this entry in his diary: 'Spent an hour with dear Mrs. Doddridge, and at her request, parted with prayer, in which I found my heart much enlarged. She made a remark that has often occurred to me since, that "she rejoiced that the dear deceased was called to the tribunal of his Master with a heart full of such generous schemes for the good of mankind, which he had zeal to project, though not life to execute." May this be my happy case.'

The chapel on Castle-hill, in which Doddridge preached more than a hundred years ago, is still standing, and like Matthew Henry's church at Chester, is visited by many a Christian traveler. The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of London, who, several years ago, visited the house in which Doddridge lived at Northampton, and the old chapel on Castle-hill, has furnished us with this descriptive passage, which will be read with interest by those who love to contemplate one of the bright-

'*When the lion roars, the beasts of the forests all tremble; and when King Jesus speaks, the princes of the earth should keep silence.*'

The following explanation has been given of the king's conduct on this occasion: 'The king is said to have been so enraptured with Mr. Davies's solemn and impressive manner and eloquence, that he was constrained repeatedly to express his astonishment and applause to those around him, and felt anything else but irreverence upon the occasion.'

est ornaments of his country and of the Christian church: 'We went to see the spot ennobled by the most attractive name in last century's dissenting ministry. We went to see the house where the *Rise and Progress* was written. We visited the old chapel with its square windows and sombre walls, where so many fervent exhortations were once poured forth, and so much enduring good was accomplished. We entered the pulpit where Doddridge used to preach, and the pew where Colonel Gardiner worshipped. We sat in the old arm-chair, beside the vestry fire, and flanking the little table on which so many pages of that affecting diary were written.'

Mr. Miall, in his *Footsteps of our Forefathers*, has also an interesting notice of Doddridge's church. In alluding to 'the pleasant and well-built town of Northampton,' he says: 'Not a few have probably directed their first inquiries, on entering it, to the vestiges of the author of *The Family Expositor*, and of *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. Doddridge's meeting-house still stands on the Castle-hill,—a spot not to be visited without a crowd of historical reminiscences. * * * This chapel, which would be deemed a large one for that period, is neat and commodious; and, though the lower part of it has been considerably renovated, the

pulpit and the pewing of the galleries are still unchanged. A marble monument, in the most profuse style of mural decoration, bears an inscription to the memory of Doddridge, more verbose than powerful.

'But there is no part of this building altogether so interesting to the visitor as the vestry. Here are the chair in which Doddridge sat; the table at which he wrote his *Expositor;* the original invitation addressed to him to become the pastor of the church, with his reply; the drawing of the monument erected to his memory in the cemetery of Lisbon, where he died. These walls have been, doubtless, familiar with many of those communings of ardent devotion which rendered him so powerful in the pulpit and from the press; and here he often verified the sentiment, that "solitude has nothing gloomy in it when the soul points upwards." '

CHAPTER VI.

HIS CHARACTER.

DR. Doddridge was of a tall and very slender form, having large features, and a cheerful countenance. His disposition was amiable; he was extremely kind and full of sympathy; and his manners were easy, agreeable, and courteous. His conversational powers were excellent, his discourse 'being at once instructive and entertaining, and not unfrequently rising to the splendid.' When engaged in conversation, his countenance was remarkably animated.

As a preacher, Doddridge possessed some qualities which rendered his discourses popular, weighty, and effective. Graceful and vehement in his gestures, strong and impressive in his language, earnest and pathetic in his address, he was well adapted to instruct the ignorant, to persuade the unbelieving, to arouse the careless, and console the faithful. His vivacity of coun-

tenance and manner while in the pulpit, secured the attention of his audience. 'He had an earnestness and pathos in his manner of speaking,' says Orton, 'which, as it seemed to be the natural effect of a strong impression of divine truths upon his own heart, tended greatly to affect his hearers, and to render his discourses more acceptable and useful, than if his delivery had been more calm and dispassionate.' Full of strong feelings, and often of deep pathos, his discourses appeared to come from the very depths of his heart. In this he exhibited the power of the orator. Lord Erskine has well remarked, that 'intellect alone, however exalted, without strong feelings, without even irritable sensibility, would be only like an immense magazine of powder, if there were no such element as fire in the natural world. It is the *heart* which is the spring and fountain of all eloquence.' The Rev. Dr. Dwight has a somewhat similar remark, the truth of which Doddridge fully exemplified in his preaching. Says he: 'Every preacher, if he would effect anything, must both *believe* and *feel* what he declares. From earnestness, eloquent sentiments and persuasive language naturally spring. *In truth, earnestness is itself the soul of eloquence.*'*

* Akenside, the poet, during his brief residence at Northampton, enjoyed considerable intimacy with Dr. Doddridge,

In the application of his sermons, particularly, Doddridge became 'warm and affectionate,' bringing the subject to bear in its power upon the conscience, beseeching sinners, with the tenderest concern for their souls, to be reconciled to God; and encouraging believers to go on in the 'good way' with their affections placed on things above, and their conversation in heaven. Says he, 'I have often "in as melting a manner as I could, and as knowing the terrors of the Lord, entreated my hearers to be reconciled to God;" and, perhaps, few preachers have abounded more in addresses of that kind.'

His favorite topics of public discourse were

and occasionally heard him preach. In allusion to this Dr. Kippis relates an instance of Doddridge's power of extemporaneous speaking, of which he was an eye witness. Akenside, accompanied by some of his relations from Newcastle upon Tyne, who were dissenters, came unexpectedly one Sabbath morning to Doddridge's chapel. 'The subject he preached upon,' says Dr. Kippis, 'was a common orthodox topic, for which he had scacely made any preparation; but he roused his faculties on the occasion, and spoke with such *energy*, *variety*, and *eloquence*, as excited my warmest admiration, and must have impressed Dr. Akenside with a high opinion of his abilities.'

In writing to Dr. Clarke, in 1744, Doddridge thus refers to Akenside's principal poem, then but recently published: 'I have received some entertainment from a poem called *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, written by Dr. Akenside, a young physician of twenty-two years of age.

the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity. 'He considered himself as a *minister of the gospel*, and therefore could not satisfy himself without preaching *Christ and Him crucified.* He never puzzled his hearers with dry criticisms and abstruce disquisitions; nor contented himself with moral essays and philosophical harangues. He thought it cruelty to God's children to give them *stones* when they came for *bread.*' 'It is my desire,' says he, 'not to entertain an auditory with pretty lively things, which is comparatively easy, but to come close to their consciences, to awaken them to a real sense of their spiritual concerns, to bring them to God, and keep them continually near to Him; which, to me at least, is an exceeding hard thing.' Again he says: 'I know nothing in the world I have desired so much as "*the glory of God and the conversion of souls,*" in the prosecution of my ministry.'

In his own pulpit efforts, Doddridge has furnished an example of what ministers everywhere should preach. He labored *earnestly* to preach Christ and Him crucified, and to bring sinners near to Him, by the blood of the cross. In his addresses to theological students he insisted upon the grand design of preaching as revealed in the Scriptures. Thus, says he, on one occasion: 'I would strictly charge all who are de-

signed for this glorious work, that they *preach Christ;* that they insist upon Him as the only foundation of a hope for glory; that they labor that He may be in all their hearers by a lively faith, and not only by outward profession.'

He seems to have preached as Robert Hall would have all ministers to preach, exhibiting Christ in His sufferings, in His atonement, in all His mediatorial glories; as the pearl of great price; as a complete Saviour; as the way, the truth, and the life. Says that eloquent divine: 'Display the sufferings of Christ like one who was an eye-witness of those sufferings, and hold up the blood, the precious blood of atonement, as issuing warm from the cross. It is a peculiar excellence of the gospel, that in its wonderful adaptation to the state and condition of mankind as fallen creatures, it bears intrinsic marks of its divinity, and is supported not less by internal than by external evidence. By a powerful appeal to the conscience, by a faithful delineation of man in his grandeur and in his weakness, in his original capacity for happiness and his present misery and guilt, present this branch of its evidence in all its force. Seize on every occasion those features of Christianity which render it interesting, and by awakening the fears, and exciting the hopes, of your hearers,

endeavor to annihilate every other object, and make it appear what it really is, the pearl of great price, the sovereign balm, the cure of every ill, the antidote of death, the precursor of immortality. In such a ministry, fear not to give loose to all the ardor of your soul, to call into action every emotion and every faculty which can exalt or adorn it.'

While in the pulpit Doddridge appears to have kept before his mind the *preciousness* of the redemption of the soul; and to have dwelt with great pathos and solemnity on this momentous subject. Who can read without emotion his earnest address to ministers to be diligent and ardent in endeavoring to save souls from the abodes of eternal darkness, despair, and death? How forcibly does he urge this duty upon the minister, by a consideration of the preciousness and immortality of the soul; the state of unending felicity or woe on which it is shortly to enter; and the brevity and uncertainty of human existence — the only period allotted for securing this salvation! 'Oh! remember,' he exclaims, 'that the soul is infinitely precious! remember at the price of whose blood souls were purchased; remember how long they are to endure; remember on what a state of consummate and endless happiness or misery they are

to enter in a very little while; remember, too, what a precarious life this is, that we and they lead in this dying body; and how soon some little, unobserved cause may on a sudden remove us from all capacity of attempting anything farther in this great and good work, or remove them from any possibility of receiving any benefit from our continued labors. Let us, therefore, be as diligent and as zealous as it becomes those to be who see themselves and their hearers upon *the borders of eternity*, and who long to have the honor and pleasure of saving souls, and presenting them to Christ at the great day.'*

The same diligence, zeal, earnestness and devotion in exhibiting the salvation of the soul as the grand object of a minister's labors, that characterized Doddridge in his pulpit efforts, stirred the spirit of one in later times to pen the following noble passage on the right way of preaching, with a view of producing a general revival of religion: 'The gospel,' says Bishop Daniel Wil-

* 'O, retreat now from the snares of the world; shut your eyes upon the scenes of time, on which they must soon be closed forever. Converse with the world to come; endeavor to yield to the power of it; look at "the things which are not seen;" *walk, as it were, upon the borders of the ocean of eternity, and listen to the sound of its waters till you are deaf to every sound besides.*'— ROBERT HALL.

son, in his earnest appeals to the ministers of all the protestant churches of Europe and America, 'The gospel is an unspeakable gift. It touches on eternity. It concerns both worlds. It involves the glory of God, the honor of Christ, the welfare of souls. It is founded on the unutterable agonies of the cross, and ceases not until it has brought the penitent sinner to heaven. The blessings we have to offer are the greatest; the woe we have to denounce is the most fearful. Everything connected with our office partakes of the incomprehensible greatness of the gifts of the Saviour and the Holy Spirit. Till (then) our whole souls are animated, elevated, absorbed; till we see nothing to be important, compared with our work; till nothing satisfies us, or can satisfy us, but success in it; till we look on the affairs of human pursuit, and human wisdom, and human power, and human glory, as the toys of children in comparison; till we draw all our studies, all our affections, every faculty of our minds, and every member of our bodies, to this one point; till *the salvation of souls* is the one thing we aim at, the object of desire, the ruling passion of our souls, we can never expect a general revival of religion, which can only spring, under the blessing of God, from such principles and impres-

sions. To preach aright, is to give a tongue to prophets and apostles; is to speak as the blessed Saviour and St. Paul spake; it is to make truth intelligible, forcible, triumphant; it is to clear away from the Bible false glosses, and present it in its native purity, and clothe it with the attributes of a living instructor; it is to give to the written doctrine, the tenderness and pathos, the authority and force, with which it was first clothed by the inspired writers.'

As an author, Doddridge is remarkably perspicuous, copious, easy, and pleasing. He is occasionally eloquent. Excelling in the warm and pathetic, he has furnished many instances in his works 'of true oratory and the most animated, moving address.' Studying the English language with great care in the earlier part of his life, he formed his style on the best models. He seems to have been a careful reader of *The Spectator*, and has evidently chosen Addison for his model in style.* And we discover in his compositions a polish which is wanting in those of most of the theological writers of his age. His

* Doddridge mentions Addison with no little respect. In the *Family Expositor* he refers to his *Evidences of Christianity*, and to *The Spectator*. In a note on his exposition of Matthew vi. 10, he says: 'There is a great deal of beauty and spirit in the interpretation which Mr. Addison gives of this petition. *Spectator*, No. 207.'

style, however, though distinguished by clear conception and orderly arrangement, is frequently diffuse and redundant.

In the illustration of his discourses Doddridge was not so happy, in one or two respects, as many other distinguished writers on theological subjects. He seldom introduced beautiful imagery, or descriptive sketches drawn from the scenes of life or the works of nature. Hence his serious writings are deficient in that freshness, and felicity of illustration, which characterize the productions of such authors as Bunyan, Jeremy Taylor, old Izaak Walton, Whitefield, Rowland Hill,* and Legh Richmond,† whose pious sentiments are often adorned by illustrations from the scenes of rural life; from the beauty of flowers, trees, and fields; from the birds warbling their songs in the groves; from the clear, murmuring stream; from the sparkling fountain; from the majestic river, from the grand ocean, and from the firmament studded with innumerable stars. It is the happy union

* Robert Hall said of Rowland Hill: 'No man has ever drawn, since the days of our Saviour, such sublime images from nature. Here Mr. Hill excels every other man.'

† One of the great sources of Legh Richmond's popularity as an author is to be found, says Dr. Jamieson, in his talent 'of skillfully interweaving graphic delineations of natural scenery with the lessons of piety and Christian wisdom'

of images drawn from the beauties of nature, with the pure teaching of revelation, enforced with pathetic affectionateness, which constitutes the principal charm of works on sacred literature. It is the great secret of the popularity of many treatises on practical divinity; for books written in the attractive style of which we speak, will have readers and admirers so long as the human heart is susceptible of the beauties of nature.

In the writings of Doddridge we also miss such entertaining and striking anecdotes as those which sparkle on the pages of Dr. Bates, Thomas Brooks, and John Flavel. This is another kind of illustration, when appropriately introduced, which is fitted to interest and instruct the reader; to enforce truth, and to touch the heart. Of two of the honored names just mentioned it has been well remarked: 'Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with gospel blessedness. And, like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off

collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his *Golden Treasury*, from his *Box*, and his *Cabinet*, that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant, and every step is rewarded by its several gem.'

Doddridge was a man of erudition. He early cultivated a taste for belles-lettres, and was continually increasing his stores of knowledge. He was extensively acquainted with ancient history, both civil and ecclesiastical, and studied with interest and diligence the writings of the fathers, particularly of the apologists for Christianity, Origen, Eusebius, &c. With the writings of philosophers, poets, and orators of Greece and Rome he was also familiar, delighting most of all in Demosthenes. He had a critical knowledge of the Hebrew language, and nearly completed a new translation of the minor prophets. He was conversant with civil law, mythology, antiquities, English history, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, and anatomy. And it is worthy of notice, that he prepared a treatise on Algebra, for the use of his students, the manuscript of which is still preserved. But his favorite study was that of theology, in which he was profoundly skilled. In short, it may be asserted that Doddridge was surpassed by few of his dis-

tinguished compeers, in the extent and variety of his intellectual attainments.

His pupil and biographer, Mr. Orton, in giving an estimate of his genius and writings, has the following interesting remarks: 'His acquaintance with books was very extensive. There were few of any importance, on the general topics of literature, which he had not read with attention; and his quickness of apprehension and strength of memory were such, that he could both retain and easily recollect what was most remarkable in them. As he cautioned his pupils against that indolent and superficial way of reading, which many students fall into, so he took care that his own example should enforce his precepts. His usual method was to read with a pen in his hand, and to mark in the margin particular passages which struck him. Besides which, he often took down hints of what was most important, or made references in a blank leaf of the book, adding his own reflections on the author's sentiments. Thus he could easily turn to particular passages, and enrich his lecture's with what was most curious and valuable in the course of his reading. But he was not one of those who content themselves with treasuring up other men's thoughts. He knew, and often reminded his pupils, that the true end of

reading is only to furnish the mind with materials for the exercise of its own powers; and few men knew better how to use, and apply to the most valuable purposes, the knowledge they had gained. His mind was indeed a rich treasury, out of which he could, on every proper occasion, produce a variety of the most important instruction. This qualified him for lecturing to his pupils in those several branches of science of which his course consisted; it enriched his public writings, and rendered his private conversation highly instructive and entertaining.'

In the character of a Christian lyrist, Doddridge deserves our regard. It is true his *Hymns* do not belong to the highest rank of poetry, but, notwithstanding, several of them are 'eminent examples of that mastery over words which makes a skillful versifier;' and all of them are distinguished by their piety and sweetness. His famous lines on his family motto, 'Dum vivimus, vivamus,' have won the warm eulogium of Dr. Johnson, as one of the finest epigrams in the English language.

Live while you live the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my life, let both united be,
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee!

One of the most beautiful of his poetical compositions is the hymn, 'God the everlasting light of the saints above.'* How finely are the sentiments of the poet expressed in these lines:

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

* Some of the lines of this hymn are introduced with happy effect by EDWARD EVERETT, in his vivid description of the death-bed scene of the great Copernicus. See his *Orations and Speeches*.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

Doddridge was a man of the most exalted piety. His life was truly one of prayer and heavenly meditation.* Dr. Kippis tells us that the prime and leading feature of his soul was that of devotion. 'This,' he adds, 'was the pervading principle of his actions, whether private or public. What Dr. Johnson has observed with regard to Dr. Watts, "that as piety predominated in his mind, it was diffused over his works; and that whatever he took in hand was, by his incessant solicitude for souls, converted to theology," may with equal propriety be applied to Dr. Doddridge.'

Under the exhilerating influence of devotional feelings, he thus writes to Mrs. Doddridge, (Oct. 31, 1742): 'My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but

* 'He that is much in prayer, shall grow rich in grace. He shall thrive and increase most, who is busiest in this, which is our very traffic with heaven, and fetches the most precious commodities thence. He who sends oftenest out these ships of desire, who makes the most voyages to that land of spices and pearls, shall be sure to improve his stock most, and have most of heaven upon earth.'—LEIGHTON.

really so it is. I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for Him, and to live with Him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to Him and converse with Him, speak to Him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awakening, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home, pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick—pleasant to write letters of necessary business, by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the

week-day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much more pleasant to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.'*

Many delightful hours did Doddridge spend in communion with God,—in supplication, praise and thanksgiving. On the first Monday

* How different is the language of the unhappy GOLDSMITH, who, with all his literary accomplishments, seems to have been destitute of that true peace, and joy, and rest, and happiness, which are produced in the soul by a faithful reception of the truth as it is in Jesus. He says: 'When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of *something*, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia; and now you find me returning back, still expecting ease everywhere but where I am.'—*The Bee*, No. 1.

This restlessness seems to have followed him to the grave. Just before he expired, his physician asked him: 'Is your mind at ease?' '*No, it is not*,' was Goldsmith's melancholy reply. These were his last words. How unlike the feelings and the language of him whose 'delight is in the law of the Lord,'—whose highest and holiest affections are placed on the blessed Saviour!

Well has Archbishop Leighton remarked, that 'the whole course of a man's life out of Christ, is nothing but a continual trading in vanity, running a circle of toil and labor, and reaping no profit at all.'

of every month he used to go to his church and pass the day in the vestry, in secret fasting, humiliation, and prayer; in dedicating his soul to God; in interceding 'with God for the church and world;' in 'admiring and adoring redeeming love;' and in blessing God 'for that communion which he enjoyed with Him' on such delightful occasions. Sacramental seasons, particularly, were very refreshing to his spiritual life, and often filled him with unutterable delight. While ministering to others, on such occasions, he was himself conducted by the great Shepherd of Israel into the 'green pastures' beside the 'still waters' of divine grace; and sometimes such a flood of consolation was poured into his soul as he was scarcely able to sustain. Of one of these days of heaven upon earth in his happy experience, he has preserved this impressive record, (Sept. 13, 1747): 'I must record this day as one of the most blessed of my life. God was pleased to meet me in my secret retirement in the morning, and poured into my soul such a flood of consolation in the exercise of faith and love, as I was hardly able to contain. It would have been a relief to me to have been able even to have uttered strong cries of joy. Oh, how did I then wish for a melodious voice, and how gladly could I have made earth

and heaven re-echo with praise! Family devotion was unutterably sweet; and though the pleasure of my sermon was much interrupted by an accidental disorder that happened in my throat while I was speaking, yet I bless God, the sacramental attendance, and the evening services were all beyond expression sweet. My soul was full of God, and of heaven.'*

With reference to another of these seasons of rapturous joy, we find him thus expressing himself in a letter to his wife: 'Last Lord's-day was our sacrament day, and indeed, it was a most comfortable one to me; my joy at that ordinance was so great, that I could not well contain it. I had much ado to forbear telling all about me, as well as I could — for it would have been but in a very imperfect manner — what a divine flame I felt in my soul, which, indeed, put me greatly in mind of Mr. Howe's "full stream of rays."†

* 'A heavenly Christian feels sometimes a ponderous and weighty joy; a joy springing up in his soul, almost intolerable, and altogether unutterable; a joy that melts him into ecstasy. Then the soul claps its wings; it would fain take its flight, and be gone; it breathes, it pants, it reaches after God.—Bp. Hopkins.

† In a remarkable record of his personal experience, inscribed on his study Bible, the seraphic John Howe thus speaks of the sublime joy which filled his soul on two occasions, to the first of which, Doddridge has reference in his let-

Were it possible to carry such impressions through life, it would give the soul a kind of independence far too high for a mortal existence. It was, indeed, in the most literal and proper sense, a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." '*

This reminds us of the following remarkable incident related of the saintly JOHN FLAVEL. Being once on a journey, he set himself to improve the time by meditation; when his mind grew intent, till at length he had such ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such full assurance

ter: 'Dec. 26, 1689. After I had in my course of preaching been largely insisting on 2 Cor. i, 12; this very morning I awoke out of a most ravishing and delightful dream, that A WONDERFUL AND COPIOUS STREAM OF CELESTIAL RAYS, from the lofty throne of the Divine majesty, seemed to dart into my expanded breast. I have often since, with great complacency reflected on that very signal pledge of special divine favor vouchsafed to me on that memorable day, and have with repeated fresh pleasure tasted the delights thereof. But what on Oct. 22, 1704, of the same kind I sensibly felt, through the admirable bounty of my God, and the most pleasant, comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, far surpassed the most expressive words my thoughts can suggest. I then experienced an inexpressibly pleasant melting of heart; tears gushing out of mine eyes, for joy that God should shed abroad His love abundantly through the hearts of men, and that for this very purpose my own should be so signally possessed of and by His blessed Spirit, (Rom. v, 5).'

* Letter dated March 8, 1743.

of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world and all its concerns, so that for hours he knew not where he was. At last, perceiving himself faint, he alighted from his horse and sat down at a spring, where he refreshed himself, earnestly desiring, if it were the will of God, that he might there leave the world. His spirit reviving, he finished his journey in the same delightful frame; and all that night passed without a wink of sleep, the joy of the Lord still overflowing him, so that he seemed an inhabitant of the other world.*

Doddridge's sacramental meditations, as recorded in his diary, are the precious effusions of a devout soul, aspiring after heavenly blessings.

In the course of his ministerial life, he spent many an hour of joy in contemplating the divine goodness as manifested in the plan of salvation; and was often favored with transporting views of the blessedness of Immanuel's land. His affection was placed on things above. His conversation was in heaven. He seems to have enjoyed, in an eminent degree, that 'peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' and the light of His countenance, which causes the heart to

* *Pneumatologia*, 4to., 2d edit., p. 210.

overflow with a 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

His thoughts were so frequently employed on devotional themes, that, even in the still hours of night his 'vigorous fancy, roused by rapturous excitements,' would sometimes create 'holy and beautiful dreams.' As an example of this, and as showing under what impressions he composed a fine hymn, we would introduce the following account of a remarkable dream which he had, after a conversation with the Rev. Dr. Clarke on the state of the soul after death: 'He dreamed that he was dead, and that his spirit soared away into those deep regions of the infinite, which oftentimes awaken our trembling curiosity. He felt, as he lost sight of this noisy, busy world, how vain and empty are the objects which excite its inhabitants so much; and while musing on the theme, and committing himself to the care of the divine pilot, as he embarked on the ocean of immensity and sailed amidst islands of stars, he fancied he was met on the shores of heaven by an angel guide, who conducted him to a palace which had been assigned for his abode. The dreamer wondered at the place, for it made him think that heaven was not so unlike earth as the teachings of Scripture

had led him to expect; but he was told that there he was to be gradually prepared for unknown glories afterwards to be revealed. In the inner apartment of the palace stood a golden cup, with a grape-vine embossed on it, which he learned was meant to signify the living union of Christ and His people. But as he and his guide were talking, a gentle knock at the door before him announced the approach of some one, when, the portals unfolding, revealed the majestic presence of the Redeemer of the church. The now glorified disciple immediately fell at the feet of his gracious Lord, but was raised with assurances of favor, and of the kind acceptance which had been vouchsafed to all his loving services. Then taking up the cup and drinking out of it, the Saviour put it in His servant's hands, inviting him to drink, who shrunk from the amazing honor; but was told, "If thou drink it not, thou hast no part with me." He was ready to sink under the transport of gratitude and joy which was thus produced, when that condescending One, in consideration of his weakness, left him for a while, with the assurrance he would soon return, directing him in the meanwhile to look and meditate upon the objects which were around; and lo! there were pictures hung all about, illustrative of his own

pilgrim life — scene after scene of trial and deliverance, of conflict and victory, meeting his eyes, and filling his heart with love and wonder. And as he gazed on them he thought — what we often fancy will be the saint's first thought in heaven — how all the perils of his former life were now forever over. Exulting in his new-found safety, a burst of joy broke the enchantment of his celestial dream, and he woke again, amidst floods of tears, to the consciousness that he was in the body still.'

It was under the inspiration of this dream, that he wrote that beautiful hymn, which has been a favorite with many a Christian pilgrim on the way to the mansions of glory:

While on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be;
It faints my much loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more around my heart,
For oh! 'twere better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to that bright throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.*

That blessed interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at His feet!
Raised in His arms to view His face,
Through the full beamings of His grace!

To see heaven's shining courtiers round,
Each with immortal glories crown'd;
And while His form in each I trace,
With that fraternal band embrace.

As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly, as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
A present Saviour's high commands.

Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait Thy signal for my flight:
And in Thy service here below,
Confess that heavenly joys may grow.

In reviewing the life and character of Dr. Doddridge, we see that the grand principle which sustained and rejoiced him in all his abundant labors and exercises, was the constraining love of Christ. This enabled him to say, in writing to some of his friends: 'I bless God I feel more and more of the power of His love in my heart; and I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything besides. Methinks I could not only labor, but die for it, with pleasure. *The love of Christ constrains me.*'—'I feel the love of God in Christ shed abroad in my heart. Strive earnestly in your prayers for me that it may be continued and increased; that He may ever dwell in my soul, consecrate all its powers, and engage all its services; that I may be fitted for the whole of His will, in affliction

or prosperity, in life or death, in time or eternity. I want, above all things in this world, to be brought to greater nearness to God, and to walk more constantly and closely with Him.' And again: 'Indeed I feel my love to Him increase; I struggle forward towards Him, and look at Him, as it were, sometimes with tears of love, when, in the midst of the hurries of life, I cannot speak to Him otherwise than by an ejaculation.' So closely does he seem to have walked with God, especially during the last days of his pilgrimage, and so earnestly did he breathe after still closer and sweeter communion with his Heavenly Father, that his life became more and more spiritual and heavenly.* He appears to have enjoyed in an eminent degree, that felicity to which Archbishop Leighton alludes when speaking of the soul cleaving to God. 'The more,' says he, 'the soul withdraws, so to speak, from the body, and retires within itself, the more it rises above itself; and the more closely it cleaves to God, the more the life it lives in this earth resembles that which it will enjoy in heaven, and the larger foretastes it has of the first fruits of that blessed harvest.'

Some of the qualities that the Christian will most admire in Philip Doddridge may here be

* 'The love of heaven makes one heavenly.'—SIDNEY.

summed up, such as his unremitting diligence and perseverance; his extensive literary acquirements; his large intelligence; his mental activity and ardor; his ability and excellence as an author; his fidelity as a pastor and teacher; his patience and humility; his genial courtesy and amiableness; his kind and sympathetic heart; his intense affection for his domestic circle and friends; his earnest and energetic manner in the pulpit; his tender and pathetic exhibition of evangelical doctrine; his ardent desire to be instrumental in promoting the rise and progress of religion in the soul; and his UNDISSEMBLED, FERVENT, AND EXALTED PIETY.

CHAPTER VII.

SPECIMENS OF HIS STYLE, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

The Water of Life.

THE waters which followed Israel through the wilderness, failed when they came into an inhabited land. But this river of life will never forsake the believer; it will flow with him sweetly through the dark valley of the shadow of death, till it spreads itself into wider and deeper streams, in the lovely regions of the heavenly Canaan. Thus we are told, that in the New Jerusalem the river of the water of life proceedeth from the throne of God and of the Lamb. And thus our Lord assures the woman of Samaria, Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but it shall be in him as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. What then remains, but

that we each of us cry out, as she did, Lord, give us of this living water, that we may thirst no more, nor come, as now, to these ordinances to draw!

Clear spring of life! flow on, and roll
With growing swell from pole to pole,
'Till flowers and fruits of paradise
Round all thy winding current rise!

Still near thy stream may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly ground!
Cheer with thy wave death's gloomy shade;
Then through the fields of Canaan spread!

My Father's House.

If it be so pleasant to me now and then, to cast a longing look towards my Father's house, and to read, as it were, this letter which His goodness sends to me, and to receive in the wilderness the tokens of His care, what will it be to come and dwell with Him, and with all my brethren in the Lord? O earth! all thy charms are not worth a moment's stay. It would be better, much better for me to be dissolved. How would my heart leap to see His chariot appearing! How welcome would the messenger be by which He should call me to His house, and to His bosom!

Death to the Believer.

Art thou, oh believer! unwilling to think of death? Methinks the remembrance of it should be thy daily refuge, and thy daily joy. For terrible as it is to him who goes on still in his trespasses, to thee it must have an angel's face. Dost thou not know that it is a friendly messenger sent to thee from heaven to tell thee that an habitation there is ready to receive thee? that the days of thy warfare are fully accomplished, so that the crown of victory is immediately to be set on thine head; and the triumphant palm to be borne? Dost thou not know, oh Christian! that when conquered, it was also reconciled by a Redeemer, and added to the treasures and possessions of His people. It is now become a gentle slumber, in which thou shalt lose thy fatigues and thy cares, thy sorrows and thy fears; and from which thou shalt awake to transporting joy and incorruptible glory. How canst thou forget so kind a friend, from whom thou hast such grand and such certain expectations? How canst thou forget that important day which shall be the period of calamity and of sin, and the commencement of complete holiness, of eternal felicity?

Safe in Jesus.

Blessed Jesus, I rejoice in Thee as my hope, and the louder the storm rages around me, the more violently the enemies of my soul are invading me, the closer will I adhere to Thee, and the more will I rejoice in Thy care.

Committing the Soul to Jesus — a Prayer.

Blessed Jesus! I have heard of Thy power and Thy love; and I believe what I have heard of them. Conscious that I have in my breast an immortal spirit, and trembling in a survey of its infinite importance, I humbly beg leave to consign it to Thy faithful care. *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!* I would now call upon Thee with all the earnestness of a dying creature. From this hour, from this moment, receive it! Oh! take it under Thy care; wash it in Thy blood; adorn it with Thy righteousness; form it, O Lord! by Thy spirit, to every branch of the Christian character; to every lineament of Thy blessed image; to a full conformity to that employment and happiness for which the spirits of Thy people are intended. And, oh! watch over it, while I travel through this dangerous wilderness; and when it breaks loose from the flesh,

fold it in Thine embrace. Remember, O Lord! if I should not be able to repeat it, remember the humble petition which I have now uttered. *Remember Thy word unto Thy servant, on which Thou hast caused me to hope;* and be surety unto me for good against all the terrors of death and hell; against all the frailties of this degenerate nature, in the meantime yet more to be feared.

Our Great Care.

Let it be our great care to give up ourselves to the Redeemer in the bonds of an everlasting covenant. While we are in this world, let it be our growing concern, by the assistances of His grace, to be more and more transformed into His image, and to subserve the purposes of His glory. Let us pass the days of our pilgrimage here, in frequent converse with Him, in continual devotedness to Him, and in the longing expectation of that happy hour which will dismiss us from the labors and sorrows of this mortal state, and raise us to the fullest and brighest visions of that glory which, even in this distant and imperfect prospect, is sufficient to eclipse all the splendors of life, and to disarm all the terrors of death.

Address to Orphans.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Your father and mother are dead, but your heavenly Father can never die. I would willingly hope that it has been your early care to secure an interest in Him; and I would solemnly charge it upon you, as you value your present peace, or your eternal happiness, that it be the great business of your life to keep close to Him; and then you may assure yourselves, with the most cheerful confidence, that He will never fail nor forsake you.

If therefore your hearts are almost overwhelmed within you, in the melancholy circumstances into which His providence has brought you, fly into His presence, prostrate yourselves before Him with humble importunity, and turn your tears of sorrow into tears of devotion.

'Behold, O most compassionate Father,' may you reasonably and confidently say, 'behold, Thou hast plunged me even into the depths of distress; but blessed be Thy name, Thou hast not left me to sink in them without any support. I have this day received some kind assurances from Thy word, and I now entreat Thee to remember that word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope. My father and

my mother have forsaken me: Lord, wilt Thou not take me up? Wilt Thou indeed abandon me? Wilt Thou add affliction to the afflicted? the insupportable affliction of seeing myself deserted by Thee, when I most evidently need Thy succor? That be far from Thee, O Lord! and be the unworthy suspicion far from me! I have lost my most prudent and faithful counselors, but I look unto Thee as the guide of my youth. I have lost those who were once my guardians and my protectors; but I come to take shelter under the shadow of Thy wings. Their eyes are closed, and their mouths are sealed up in death. No longer can they look with compassion on my sorrows; no longer can their converse cheer or delight me. O may Thy compassionate eye regard me, and Thy comforts delight my soul! Permit me, O God! an humble freedom in approaching to Thee, and in pouring forth all my heart in Thy presence. My parents are now returned naked to their dust, and, should my wants be ever so pressing, are now incapable of affording me any relief. May Thy rich bounty supply me, Thy unwearied providence take care of me! But, above all, withhold not Thy covenant blessings, and let me share in that eternal inheritance which Thou hast prepared for all Thy children in Christ.'

If these be the daily breathings of your souls before Him, you have abundant reason to hope that He will return an answer of peace. In all your difficulties He will wisely direct you; in all your sorrows He will compassionately relieve you; in all your dangers He will powerfully protect you; in all your wants He will bountifully supply you; in a word, you will be conducted safely, and I hope, notwithstanding this gloomy prospect, you will be conducted comfortably, through this mortal life, till you come at length to your Father's house in peace. And when you are arrived thither, and take a view of all the various occurrences of the way, you will see apparent reason to acknowledge, what is now so difficult to believe, that the present awful dispensation was sent with a gracious design, and that all the paths of your heavenly Father have been mercy and truth to you.

Praising the Lord.

Praise the Lord, all ye His saints; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name! Praise Him, who graciously purposed your salvation, and predestinated you to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto Himself! Praise Him, who rendered this purpose effectual, and wrought it

out by a high hand and outstretched arm! Praise Him, who gave His own Son to be a sacrifice for you, and to bring in everlasting righteousness! Praise Him, who sent His Spirit, as the great agent in his Son's kingdom, to bring the hearts of sinners to a subjection to the gospel, and gently to captivate them to the obedience of faith! Praise Him, who has revealed this glorious gospel to you, at so great a distance of time and place! Praise Him, who has impressed your hearts with a disposition to regard it! Praise Him, who has subdued your prejudices against it! Praise Him, who, having implanted faith in your souls, continues even to this day to animate and support it! Let all ranks and ages join in this cheerful song! Praise ye the Lord, ye that are rich in temporal possessions, if you have been enabled to renounce the world as your portion, and to triumph over it by this divine principle! Praise Him, you that are poor in this world, if you are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God has promised to them that love Him! Praise Him, you that are cheerful and vigorous, and capable of rendering Him that active service which may speak the gratitude of your hearts towards Him! Praise Him, you that are weak and languishing, since His strength is made perfect in your weak-

ness, and your infirmities illustrate the force of that faith which He has wrought in you! Praise Him, ye youths who, with this guide and companion of your way, are setting forth in the journey of life with courage, and lifting up your feet in His paths! Praise Him, ye aged saints, who stand on the borders of eternity, and live in a daily expectation, that you shall receive the end of your faith in the salvation of your souls! Begin that work now, in which you are all so soon to join! Break forth into one joyful anthem, and sing: 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name be all the praise of that salvation, which Thou hast already begun in our souls, and which Thy faithfulness has engaged to complete.'

A Prayer for Gospel Blessings.

Blessed Jesus, Thou that knowest all things, knowest that I thirst after the blessings of Thy gospel. Thou seest that I most ardently long for the pardon of sin, the favor of God, the influences of Thy spirit, and the glories of Thine heavenly kingdom. I am fully persuaded, that with regard to all these Thou art able to do for me abundantly above all I can ask or think. And wilt Thou not relieve me? Wilt Thou not

give me to drink? Wherefore, then, are Thine invitations published in the gospel? Why does Thy Spirit even now work upon my heart, and raise there this fervency of desire? Wherefore didst Thou weep? Wherefore didst Thou bleed? Wherefore didst Thou die, if Thou hadst no compassion for perishing sinners? But Thou hast compassion; Thou hast already extended it to thousands on earth and millions in heaven. Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief! I throw myself at Thy feet; nor can I fear I shall perish there, unless infinite power be weakened, and infinite love be exhausted.

To the Afflicted.

O thou afflicted, thou who art tossed with the tempest, and not comforted! look unto Jesus. Let thy conflicts and dangers drive thee to Him; though Satan would thereby attempt to drive thee from Him. Accustom not thyself to think of Christ as dreadful and severe. Terrify not thyself with the thought of the iron rod of vengeance, whilst thou feelest thyself disposed to submit to the golden sceptre of His grace, to the pastoral rod by which He guides His sheep. And when thou findest thy doubts arising, flee to the representations and assurances of His

Word, and pray, that the influences of His Spirit may strengthen thy faith in them.

To the Aged.

You, my friends, though not the lambs of the flock, are, on some account, the feeble of it. Though I hope, and believe, that many of you are strong in grace; yet the outer man is decaying, and sensible comfort often decays with it. Yet be not discouraged; but remember your Shepherd. You have not only heard of His grace, but you have long experienced it. Be cheerful in it, and remember, that as all your experiences will not secure you otherwise than as in the bosom of Christ, so all your infirmities and trials cannot endanger you while you are there. He has led you on gently and safely through the wilderness; a few steps more will finish your journey, and bring you to the ever-blissful pastures of Canaan.

Mutual Joy of Christ and Believers in Heaven.

There they shall be no longer exposed to necessities and alarms; but all the purposes of His love shall be completed in their everlasting se-

curity and joy. And surely the gracious Redeemer must be inconceivably delighted, when He there sees of the travail of His soul. When He has with a gentle and gracious hand conducted His sheep through the dark valley of the shadow of death, with what joy will He open to them those better pastures! with what congratulations will He receive them to a state of inseparable nearness to Him, and administer unto them an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of their Lord and Saviour! Therefore it is beautifully represented in the book of the Revelation, as the business and joy of Christ, even on the throne of His glory, to lead on His saints to the various scenes of divine pleasure and enjoyment, which are provided for them there. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters.

And, O gracious Redeemer, what will the joy of Thy flock then be, when thus fed and conducted by Thee! If it be so delightful at this humble distance, to believe ourselves the objects of Thy care and favor, and to taste of these little streams which Thou art causing to flow in upon us here in the wilderness, what will that river of life be? If it be now the joy of our hearts, awhile to forget our cares and our fears, when

we are perhaps at Thy table, and to lean our weary heads for a few moments on Thy dear breast; what will it be, forever to dwell in Thine embrace, and to say once for all, Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee! Bountifully indeed! when they who were brought out with weeping, and led on with supplication, shall, as the redeemed of the Lord, come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

In the meantime, we rejoice in hope of this blessed scene, and would raise such feeble praises, as earth will admit, to this great Shepherd, whose arm is so strong to guard us; whose bosom is so soft to cherish us; and whose heart is so compassionate, notwithstanding all our unworthiness, as to exert that arm for our protection, and to open that bosom for our repose.

Our Great Intercessor.

How admirable and how amiable does the blessed Jesus appear, when considered as the great Intercessor of His people!

How admirable is He in this view! What an honor is done Him in the heavenly world! How dear to the Father does He appear to be, when

God will not accept the services of the greatest and best of mankind, unless presented by Him; and for His sake will graciously regard the meanest and vilest sinner!* And how great does this Intercessor appear in Himself! 'Blessed Jesus,' may the Christian say, 'who is like unto Thee, who canst at once sustain so many different relations, and canst fill them all with their proper offices, of duty to Thy Father, and of love to Thy people! who canst thus bear, without encumbering Thyself, without interfering with each other, the priestly censer and the royal sceptre! How wise are Thy counsels! How extensive Thy views! How capacious Thy thoughts! and yet, at the same time, how compassionate Thy gracious heart! That amidst all the exaltations of heaven, all the splendors of Thy Father's right hand, Thou shouldst still thus graciously remember Thine humble followers! That Thine eye should be always watchful over them, Thine ear be always open to their prayers, Thy mouth be ever ready to plead for them, and Thine arm to save them! As if it were not love enough to descend and die, unless Thou didst forever live and reign for them, and

* 'His intercession is nothing else, that I know of, but a presenting of what He did in the world for us unto God, and pressing the value of it for our salvation.'— BUNYAN.

even glory in being made head over all for Thy church.'

'But especially,' may the Christian say, 'when I think of Thee, blessed Jesus, not only as the intercessor of Thy people in general, but as my Intercessor; when I think that Thou hast espoused my character and my cause, vile and obnoxious as it is; and that Thou art recommending my poor broken services, which I daily blush to present before Thee; and art using Thine interest and Thine authority in the world above, to complete my salvation, which Thou hast begun; what shall Thy poor servant say unto Thee? All these astonishing and kind regards to me, who am unworthy to wash the feet of the least of Thy followers! Shall not the wonders of such condescending grace engage my gratitude to all eternity? My praises now are so exceeding feeble, and so low, I am almost ashamed to offer them. O when shall those nobler praises begin, which I hope ere long to offer in that world of perfection to which Thy gracious intercession is bringing me?'

A Devout Meditation.

O my God, what shall I say? what, but that I love Thee above all in the power of language

to express. While I feel Thy sacred Spirit breathing upon my heart, and exciting these fervors of love to Thee, I cannot doubt of its influence, any more than I can doubt of the truth of this animal life while I exert the acts of it. Surely, if ever I knew the appetite of hunger,— my soul hungers after righteousness, and longs for a greater conformity to Thy blessed nature and will. If ever my palate felt thirst,— my soul thirsts for God, even the living God! and for a more abundant communication of His favor. If ever my weary body knew what it was to wish for the refreshment of my bed, and longed for rest,— even so my soul, with sweet acquiescence, rests upon Thy gracious bosom, O my heavenly Father, and returns to its repose in the embraces of its God, who has dealt so bountifully with it. And if ever I saw the face of a beloved friend or child with complacency and joy,— so I rejoice in beholding Thy mercy, O Lord, and in calling Thee my Father in Christ. Such Thou art, and such Thou wilt be for time, and for eternity. What have I more to do but to commit myself to Thee for both, and leave Thee to choose my inheritance, and order my affairs for me, while all my business is to serve Thee, and all my delight to praise Thee. My soul follows hard after my God, because His

right hand supports me. Let it still bear me up, and I shall still dress forward.

Meditations on the Sacrament, in February, 1743.

I had been preaching from those words in Ephesians, 'Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church,' etc. Agreeably to this I spoke to-day from a scripture which I believe has been the subject of my meditation before, but I am not quite sure. It was, 'And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' When the church is perfectly saved, this shall be fulfilled. Observe under what character God's people are described; whither they shall be brought, and in what manner; and how this great transaction shall end. Under what character God's people are described: 'the redeemed of the Lord.' Those whom He has ransomed and bought. Are we not so? This is a feast of His ransomed ones, in which the price for the ransom is commemorated. Nor would any one who did not appre-

hend himself in this view have any business here. It is sinners that were once enslaved and condemned, then bought by the Son of God, who are to seek their places at this board, their part in this ordinance. 'Into Thy hand I commit my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!' 'They shall return;' return from their captivity in the grave. He will say in another world, 'Return ye children of God.' And they 'shall come to Zion;' to the New Jerusalem, to the City of our God. Now we are traveling towards it. Now we are incorporated with that society. We have our freedom but not our habitation there, being no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. It is that Jerusalem from above, which is the mother of us all. It is pleasant to come to Zion below; our Lord loves it. But oh, how much more do we love those heavenly gates! They shall 'come with singing;' making a grand procession with anthems in their mouths. What melody in each! What harmony in all! How pleasant to think of them, not singing with sorrowful and broken voices, but in a full harmonious choir! Who would not wish to have seen Moses and Aaron leading on the Israelites from Egypt with that sacred song of triumph? to have heard the

poor slaves, untaught in music, unless by inspiration, and used rather to groans than songs; yet on so sublime an occasion as the deliverance of Israel and the destruction of Pharaoh, their tongues were filled with notes of triumph; it had been pleasant. But the song of Moses and the Lamb shall be in another strain. Oh that we could catch a little of the echo now! And how shall it end? They shall march on to heaven! 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors!' Everlasting joy is upon their heads. God pours out the oil of gladness, and its fragrance is immortal. Sorrow and sighing were once familiar, but now they are fled away, forever discomfitted and defeated by the great Captain of our salvation and His triumphant legions; they dare not look Him in the face, they dare not invade His followers for a moment. How grand and how delightful an image! And now, Lord, lead me not forth with the workers of iniquity, but with this Thy people. Methinks that Thou hast this day begun to fulfill this promise. I number myself among Thy redeemed ones. I come to Thy Zion here, I come with pleasure and delight; joy is in my heart, and a song is in my mouth. Let sorrow and sighing retire, at least for awhile, and give way to that joy that becomes such a

feast. And thou, sacred Spirit, shed abroad a new effusion of faith, of hope, of love, and joy in my soul. Come, Lord, for I wait on Thee with expectation and delight.

Heaven Our Home.

Seeing heaven is our country, let us take care to live like those who belong to such a country. This is what the apostle recommends to us by his own example. *Our conversation*, saith he, *is in heaven;* or we behave ourselves like citizens of heaven. Let us remember, that whilst we are in this world, we sojourn in a strange land, and are at a distance from our home; and, therefore, do not let us be inordinately affected with anything in it. Let us not be too much transported with the entertainments, nor too much dejected with the disappointments which we meet with in this land of our pilgrimage; but, let us be carrying on a constant, regular design of a happy abode in this glorious country; and let all the actions of our life have a tendency towards it; and to animate us to prosecute our journey with the greatest vigor and cheerfulness, let us be endeavoring to form an acquaintance with it. In the Scripture, God has given us a map of this heavenly Canaan. Let us take

our notions of it from thence, and make this description of it very familiar to us. Let us keep up a constant correspondence with it, by frequent and earnest addresses to the throne of the King of Heaven, and by meditating and discoursing upon the happiness of it. Let us be zealous for the interests of this heavenly country, and do our utmost to increase the number of the inhabitants of it. Let us endeavor to reflect an honor upon it, by imitating the manners of those who live there, and showing the same zeal for the honor of God, and the same affectionate regard to the good of our fellow creatures, that they do. Especially, let us maintain a peculiar affection for our fellow-citizens, and endeavor to help them forward on their journey thither. And, in the last place, let us be ready to leave this world, whenever it shall please God to give us a dismission from it; that so we may go into this country where we shall be no more strangers and foreigners, but *fellow-citizens with* the glorified *saints, and of the* highest *household of God.*

The Christian Willing to Die.

If heaven be our better country, then how willing should we be to die, that we may go

thither! And yet there are a great many good people who are afraid of death; of death, which shall consign them to eternal glory. They are come to the borders of Canaan, and see the pleasant fields of that goodly country, and yet, because there is a Jordan between, and the passage may be cold and difficult, they are desiring to turn back into the wilderness, though they have met with hunger and drought, with serpents and Amalekites. And perhaps this is the case with some of us. It should therefore be our concern to rectify so unbecoming a temper. To this purpose let us endeavor to fix ourselves in the steadfast belief of the reality of this unseen country; that it is not a Utopian region, the creature of fancy, or the contrivance of policy; but that God himself has prepared and recommended it. And let us endeavor to affect our mind with frequent meditations and affectionate discourses of the glories and happiness of it; that we may be persuaded that these temporal enjoyments, which we so fondly embrace and so unwillingly part with, are by no means worthy to be compared with it. And especially let it be our care to clear up our own title to it. For, after all, here is the great difficulty. We know that dying is a matter of infinite importance; and it will fix us in an unalterable eternity.

And though we could gladly be willing *to be dissolved*, if we were sure we should *be with Christ*, yet when we come to die, we shrink back from it. There is some uncertainty in the matter, and we hardly dare venture on a bare probability; because we think ourselves not sufficiently prepared for so awful a work, and are desirous of putting our souls into a more hopeful and comfortable posture. It should, therefore, be our great care to behave ourselves so that we may have the testimony of our consciences to support us, and an assured sense of our union with Christ, through *a faith that works by love.* And this will give us courage and confidence when the creatures are sinking under us; when death is crumbling our earthly tabernacle into the dust from whence it was raised, it will fill our souls with a song of triumph, as knowing that *the days of our pilgrimage* are at length accomplished, and we are going *to a City that has foundations, and whose builder and maker is God.**

* Besides their spiritual excellence, these words have a peculiar attraction for the author of this volume. They will long be remembered by him with tender emotion as being the *last* words he ever read to an aged, pious, and beloved parent within a very few hours of his sudden and unexpected death, on the Sabbath evening of June 28th, 1857. Appropriate, searching, and solemn words for a Christian pilgrim to meditate upon, especially when he is about to finish his earthly course, and to enter into the joy of his Lord in the celestial City!

The Christian Race.

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Grace.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;

Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

The Passing of Time.

How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares
And wealth and honor gone.

But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,

While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before Thy face.

Entering into Covenant.

O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

High Heaven that heard the solemn vow.
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Providence.

Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it, till it close.

By day by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring council led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Sure and Stedfast.

The promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure,
And stedfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortals' years;
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
'Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

The Recompense of the Reward.

My soul, with all thy wakened powers
Survey the heavenly prize;
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

The splendid crown, which Moses sought,
Still beams around his brow;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride
Was taught by death to bow.

The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.

Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My stedfast soul shall move.

With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

To-day.

To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

Arise, Shine.

O Zion, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

In honor to His name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue His praise,
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
The glory raise.

There on His holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with His radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round His throne
Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres
His influence own.

'I WILL SING PRAISES WHILE I HAVE ANY BEING.'

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

The Resurrection of Christ.

Yes, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To suc ha tomb.

Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day."

Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
"Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead;
No more to die."

All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with Thy blood!
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

Living Water.

Blest Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are Thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

No traveler through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

May this blest torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then in Emanuel's land above
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

Christ's Invitation.

How free the fountain flows
Of endless life and joy!
That spring, which no confinement knows,
Whose waters never cloy!

How sweet the accents sound
From the Redeemer's tongue!
"Assemble all ye nations round,
In one obedient throng.

"Ho, every thirsty soul,
Approach the sacred spring;
Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer;
Renew the draught and sing."'

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Hail, everlasting spring!
Celestial fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail;
Still they endure,
And still they flow,
For all our woe
A sovereign cure.

Blest be His wounded side,
And blest His bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died
Such favours to impart.
His sacred blood
Shall make us clean
From every sin,
And fit for God.

The Saviour's Message.

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind.
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Salvation Near.

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

The Christian Farewell.

Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreadsabroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.

To Thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near Thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

Give us in Thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around Thy throne.

The Eternal Sabbath.

Lord of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

INDEX.

Addison, Joseph, referred to by Doddridge, 182.
Aikin, Rev. John (D. D.), 93.
Mrs , 93.
J. (M. D.), 93.
Lucy, 93.
Akenside, 175, 176.
his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, 176.
Barker, Rev. John, biographical notice of, 144.
his letter to Doddridge, 144–146.
Barrow, Isaac, Doddridge's opinion of, 60.
his sermons read by Chatham, 60.
Baxter quoted, 46.
Bowles, 86.
Boyd, Rev. J., a mistake of corrected, 35.
Boyle, lectureship (the), 39.
Brainerd, David, 138, 139.
his grave at Northampton, 139, 140.
Bulwer, E. L. quoted, 61.
Burder, Rev. Geo., 148.
Burnet, Bp., 14, 15, 19, 38, 39, 119.
Bunyan, 158, 159.
Calamy, Dr., his *Nonconformist's Memorial* quoted, 23.
biographical notice of, 30.
Chalmers, Dr., his opinion of Baxter and Doddridge, 58.
Journal of quoted, 133, 134.
Clarke, Rev. Dr., his advice to Doddridge, 19.
his *Scripture Promises*, 27.

Coleridge, his *Aids to Reflection*, 132.
quoted, 159.
Colton, 62.
Cowper, 150.
Cradock, Samuel, his Harmony of the Four Evangelists, &c., 66.
Darracott, Ridson, biographical notice of, 83–86.
Davies, Rev. Samuel, his allusion to Mrs. Doddridge, 169–171.
anecdote of, 170, 171.
Dibdin, T. F., his opinion of Lardner's works, 20.
Disraeli, Isaac, quoted, 25.
Doddridge, Daniel, the father of Philip, 23.
Sir John, 22.
John, the father of Philip, 23.
Philip, his birth, 22
his first religious instruction, 24.
his academical career, 25.
death of his parents, 26.
becomes acquainted with the Rev. Samuel Clarke, 27.
commences to keep a diary, 33.
removes to Kibworth, 35.
his academical studies at Kibworth, 36–40.
his love of nature, 40–42.
rules for the direction of his conduct, 43–47.
removes to Hinckley, 49.
finishes his course of preparatory studies at Hinckley, 50.
his first sermon, 50.
his pastoral settlement at Kibworth, 52.
his studious retirement and love of country life, 54–57.
studies the works of Baxter, Howe and Barrow, 57–60.
forms a valuable private library, 61.
chosen assistant to the Rev. Mr. Some at Market Harborough, 62.
his course of reading, 63–69.
opens a theological academy at Market Harborough, 69.

Doddridge receives a call from the dissenting congregation at Northampton, 71.
his removal to Northampton and ordination there, 73–75.
his reflections on his first sacrament day, 75, 76.
sixth, 76, 78.
forms an acquaintance with Miss Maris, 78
his letters to her, 79.
his marriage, 80.
his strong affection for Mrs. Doddridge, 80–82.
his rules on the occasion of his marriage, 82.
continues his theological academy at Northampton, 83
considered as an instructor, 94.
his studies at Northampton, 96, 97.
his visits to various places and letters describing them, 97–104.
commences authorship, 104.
some of his publications, 104–107.
diplomated doctor of divinity, 107.
his letter to Dr. Clarke disclosing his plan of writing the *Family Expositor*, 107, 108.
his progress in writing this work, 108–111.
publishes the *Family Expositor* and various other works, 114–130.
edits the works of Leighton, 130.
his visit to London in 1749, 135.
interested in the cause of revivals in New England, 137.
his last illness, 141.
his experience during his affliction, 141, 142
administers the Lord's supper for the last time, 142, 143.
visits Mr. Orton at Shrewsbury, 143
visits Bristol, 146.
his happy frame of mind, 147–149.
embarks for Lisbon, 156.
favored on the voyage with delightful views of heaven, 157, 158.

Doddridge reaches Lisbon, 163
his last hours, 164.
his death, 165.
his personal appearance, 174.
his character as a preacher, 174–182.
an author, 182–185.
a scholar, 185–187.
lyrist, 187–189.
man of piety, 189–201.
specimens of his style in prose and verse, 202–241.
Mrs., her personal appearance described, 82.
her letter to her family at Northampton, 167–169.
notice of, 169.
Dwight, Rev. Dr., on earnestness in preaching, 175.
S. E., his *Life of Pres. Edwards* quoted, 47.
Editor of *Doddridge's Correspondence* quoted, 165.
Edwards, Jonathan, resolutions of, 47–49.
Jerusha, 139, 140.
Erskine, Lord, on eloquence, 175.
Everett, Edward, 188.
Farmer, Rev. Hugh, 93.
his letter to Doddridge, 118
Fawcett, Benjamin, biographical notice of, 86–89.
Fenelon, 38.
Fielding, Henry, 166.
Flavel, John, an incident related of, 194, 195.
Foster's Essay on the *Rise and Progress*, &c., 123.
Frost's funeral sermon on Doddridge, 117.
Fuller, Thomas, 22.
Gardiner, Col., 12, 128.
Gentleman's Magazine quoted, 169.
Goldsmith, Oliver, quoted, 41, 191.
his experience contrasted with that of Doddridge, 191
Hall, Bp., quoted, 159.

Hall, Bp., on a literary life, 61.
his *Contemplations*, 67.
Robert, quoted, 154, 178, 179, 180.
his high opinion of *Doddridge's Sermons*, 105.
John Foster's writings, 123.
Hamilton, Dr., quoted, 135, 136, 163.
a mistake of corrected, 35.
his visit to Doddridge's chapel, 172.
Hardwicke, Lord, a remark of, 63.
Henry, Matthew, his treatise on *the Lord's Supper* quoted, 28.
Hervey, Rev. James, biographical notice of, 129, 130.
Hill, Rev. James, an incident related by him, 124, 125.
Holland, house (the), 101.
Hopkins, Bp., quoted, 193.
Horne, Bp., his love of literary labor, 110.
Howe, John, experience of, 193, 194.
pious reflections of, 155.
Huntington, Lady, her visit to Doddridge, 152.
biographical notice of, 152.
Hurdis quoted, 35.
Ihne, Wm., his opinion of Chapman, Pope and Cowper's translation of Homer, 64.
Jay, Rev. Wm., his opinion of *Orton's Life of Doddridge*, 89, 91.
the *Life of Philip Henry*, 96.
estimate of *Doddridge's Sermons*, 104.
Jennings, David, (D. D.,) notice of, 35, 36.
his letter to Doddridge, 128.
John, notice of, 35, 36.
Jerment, Rev. J., his eulogy on Leighton, 130.
Johnson, Dr., his estimate of the character of Warburton, 106.
quoted 40, 187.
Kippis, Andrew, biographical notice of, 91–93.
quoted, 176, 189.
his opinion of Doddridge, 93.

Leighton, 130, 131.
quoted, 150, 151, 189, 191, 200.
London Evangelical Magazine quoted, 132.
Longfellow quoted, 113.
Lowndes quoted, 67, 91.
Market Harborough, 62.
Mason, his treatise on *Self Knowledge*, 91.
Miall, his notice of Doddridge's chapel, 172, 173.
Milton quoted, 34, 61.
Miles, Rev. Dr., his letter to Doddridge, 131.
Montesquieu quoted 15, 16.
Montgomery quoted, 100.
Morell, Mr. 16.
Neal, N., his letters to Doddridge, 134, 155.
biographical notice of, 156.
Northampton, 71, 72.
Orme quoted, 163.
Orton, Job, biographical notice of, 89.
quoted, 175, 186, 187.
Otway, Thomas, 42.
Pemberton, Rev. Mr., his letter to Doddridge, 20.
Pliny, the younger, letters of, 67.
Pope, Alexander, his translation of Homer, 64.
quoted 105.
Racine, 37.
Richmond, Leigh, 183.
Rutherford, Rev. Samuel, the experience of, 157.
Savage, Richard, 99.
Secker, Thomas, biographical notice of, 120, 121.
Shakespeare quoted 26, 56.
Tomb of, 102.
Sibbes, Richard, quoted, 167.
Sidney, 200
Sloane, Sir Hans (Bart.), 98.

Somersett, dutchess of, her letter to Doddridge, 128.
Southey, Robert, his *Life and Correspondence* referred to, 162.
Spalding, Prof., his opinion of *Pope's Homer*, 64.
Sprague. Dr., his remarks respecting Brainerd's tomb, 140.
St. Albans, 27.
Steffe, Rev. Thomas, his *Life* by Doddridge, 119.
Stonehouse, Sir James, biographical notice of, 126, 127.
Talfourd, T. N. , his recollections of Lisbon, 161, 162.
his opinion of Lucretius, 68, 69.
Taylor, Jane, quoted, 163
Thomas, biographical notice of, 166, 167.
The *New American Cyclopedia* referred to, 31.
Tillotson, Dr., character of, 38, 39.
Todd, Rev. John, on the utility of the study of the classics, 37
Townsend, Lord, the residence of, 102.
Walpole, Sir Robert, the residence of, 102.
Warburton, Dr., his letter to Doddridge, 150.
quoted, 114.
biographical notice of, 106.
Wardlaw, Ralph, his notice of *Clarke's Scripture Promises*, 28.
Watts, Dr., 134, 135.
his notice of *Clarke's Scripture Promises*, 27.
his letter to Doddridge, 122,
discourses on the happiness of separate spirits, 163.
Life and Choice Works referred to, 135.
West, Gilbert, 103, 104.
Williams, Mr., his letters to Doddridge, 87, 151.
the diary of, 151.
Wilson, Bp., Daniel, quoted, 180–182.
his opinion of *Baxter's Reformed Pastor*, 59.
Walter, quoted, 92.
Wordsworth, quoted, 41, 61.

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